Saturday Night

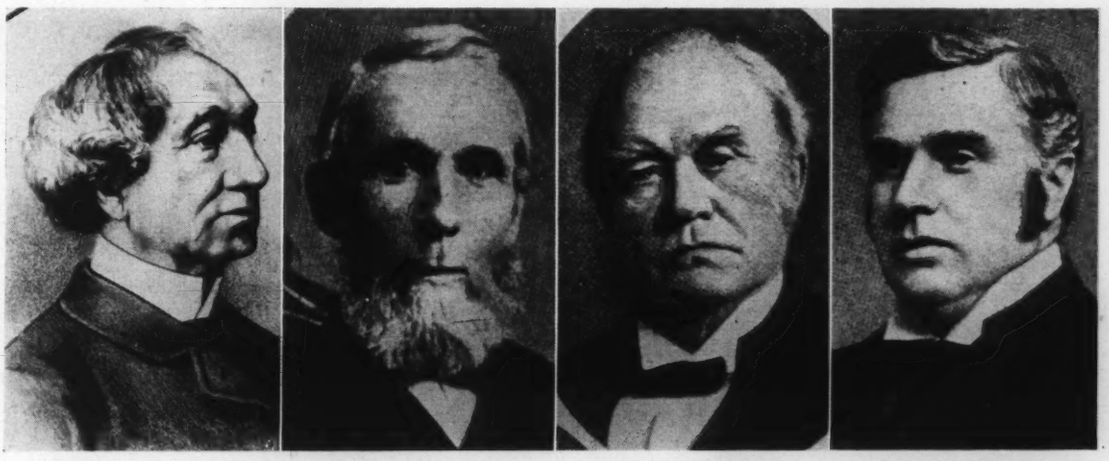
August 15, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

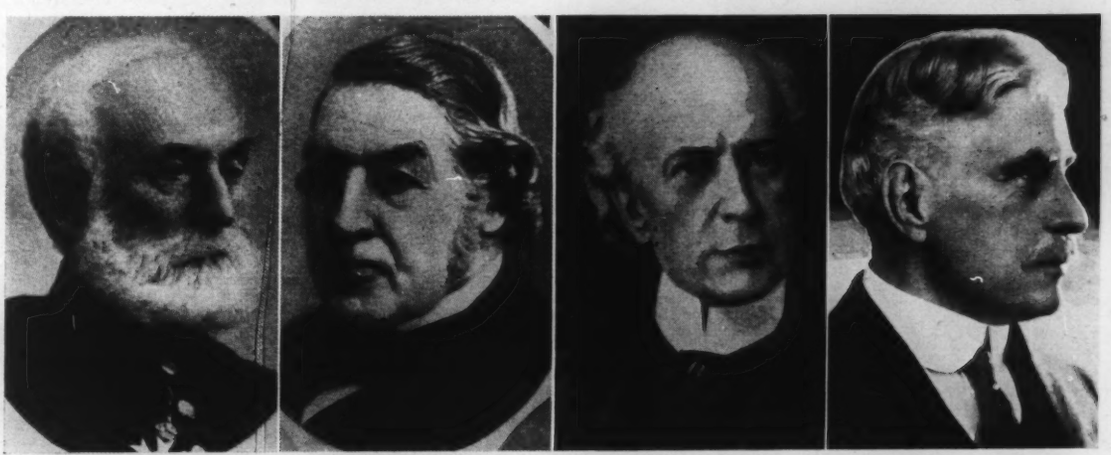
The posters and banners proclaiming the virtues of this or that candidate have a hang-dog look about them now that the votes have been counted and the composition of Canada's 22nd Parliament decided. They are the obvious debris of the election party; but it was a very proper party — no one spiked the punch, and it did not leave the country with any hung-over nausea.

While the banners are being hauled down and the slogans tucked away, the successful candidates can concentrate on the various items of business which they must consider when they assemble at Ottawa. Few, if any, of these items will be new, because the business of government is not one that stops and starts; it has an inexorable continuity, and its ledgers are full of items which must be carried forward from decade to decade.

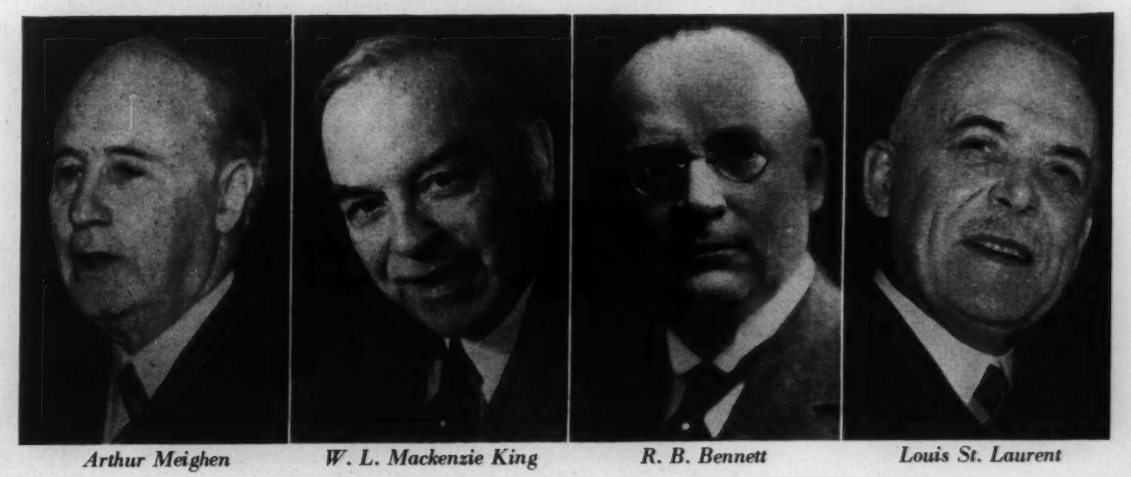
In the space to the right are shown the Prime Ministers of Canada from Confederation to the end of the 21st Parliament. The Canada of today is, in great measure, the result of the policies and visions of these men, and the members who make up the new Parliament cannot ignore either the practical consequences of the policies or the inspiration of



Sir John A. Macdonald *Alexander Mackenzie* *Sir John Abbott* *Sir John Thompson*



Sir Mackenzie Bowell *Sir Charles Tupper* *Sir Wilfrid Laurier* *Sir Robert Borden*



Arthur Meighen *W. L. Mackenzie King* *R. B. Bennett* *Louis St. Laurent*

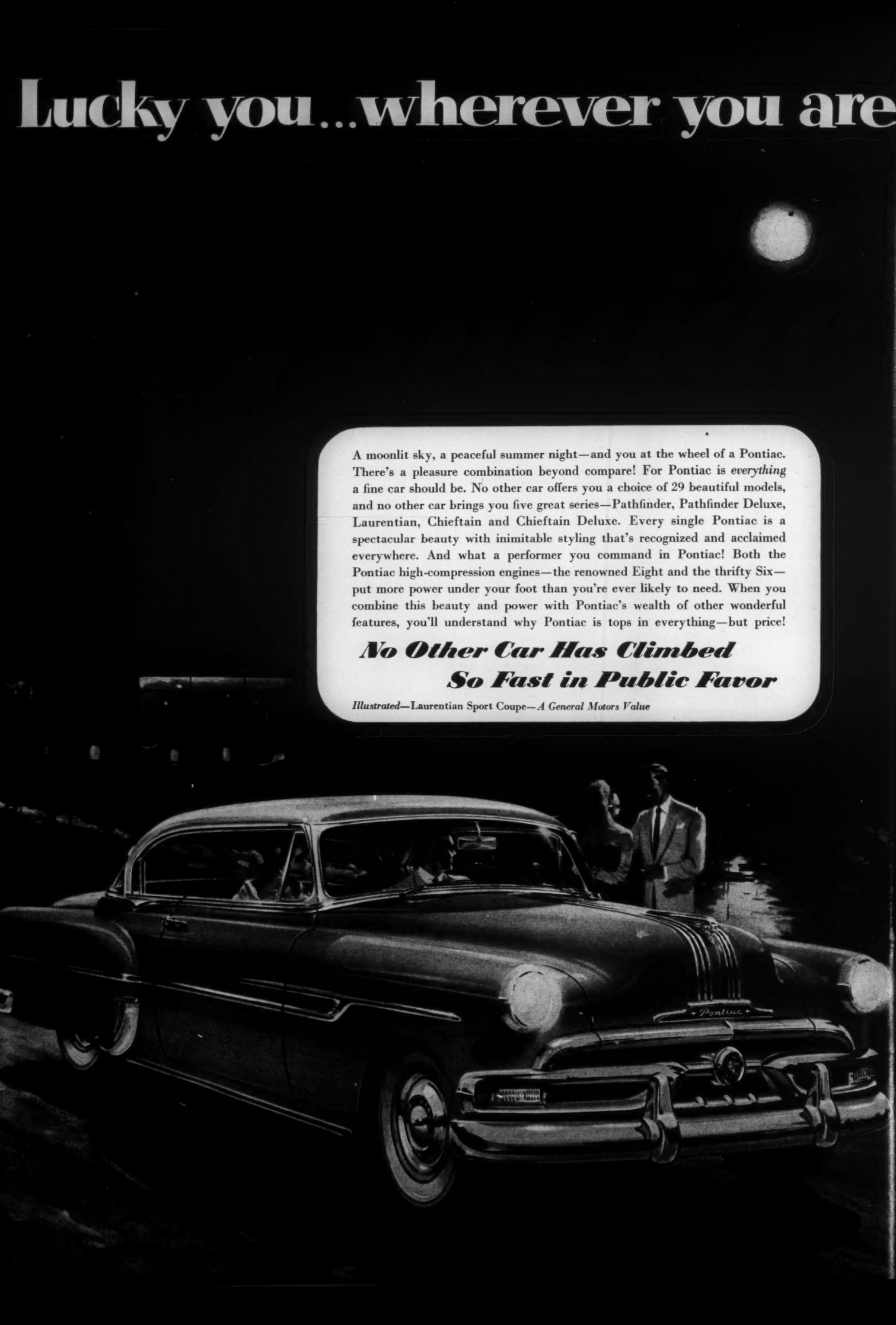
CANADA'S PRIME MINISTERS: From Confederation to the 21st Parliament

Lucky you...wherever you are

A moonlit sky, a peaceful summer night—and you at the wheel of a Pontiac. There's a pleasure combination beyond compare! For Pontiac is *everything* a fine car should be. No other car offers you a choice of 29 beautiful models, and no other car brings you five great series—Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe, Laurentian, Chieftain and Chieftain Deluxe. Every single Pontiac is a spectacular beauty with inimitable styling that's recognized and acclaimed everywhere. And what a performer you command in Pontiac! Both the Pontiac high-compression engines—the renowned Eight and the thrifty Six—put more power under your foot than you're ever likely to need. When you combine this beauty and power with Pontiac's wealth of other wonderful features, you'll understand why Pontiac is tops in everything—but price!

No Other Car Has Climbed So Fast in Public Favor

Illustrated—Laurentian Sport Coupe—*A General Motors Value*



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

the visions: Thus informed, they should be able to consider the matters to come before them with less partisan zeal and more national understanding.

The most important concern of the new members must be the responsibility of the Government to Parliament and through it to the people; and close behind this comes the matter of the development of the nation itself.

The question of responsibility can not be considered from any limited viewpoint of party loyalty, because it is a principle of government, not a policy to be altered by changing administrations. Each time the principle is violated, political freedom (and therefore, all freedom) loses a little of its strength; the end could be death from weakness.

The members have the power to re-establish the authority of Parliament, no matter what autocrats are in the Cabinet. They can accomplish this in many ways—by refusing to be bullied by Ministers who regard a few million dollars as small change, for example, and by demanding that the Government re-examine such dangerous legislation as the Emergency Powers Act and the Canadian Broadcasting Act. There is no excuse for endowing a Government with emergency powers, except in the gravest sort of crisis. No Government has the right to delegate to a crown corporation the authority to destroy the freedom of publication—an authority now vested in the CBC by Section 22 (c) of the Broadcasting Act, which provides that the Corporation may make regulations "to control the character of any and all programs broadcast by the Corporation or private stations." And there are many other real threats to our liberty which demand attention.

The matter of national development calls for vigorous, unified policies. Canada has accomplished much since Sir John A. Macdonald assembled his first Government, but even so the job is still in the early stages. To do more, we must have more people to grow and eat the produce of our soil, to make and use the goods of our expanding factories, to fill our empty spaces and guard our inviting borders. We are exposed to the vagaries of foreign markets and the ambitions of covetous nations because our land is great and our population small. We have the space and the resources, but we are a long way from using them to our best advantage. The 22nd Parliament can do much to move the nation more rapidly along the road to greater freedom and stronger growth.

An Honorable Company

SOME TIME AGO it was suggested to us that we reproduce the pictures of the 12 men who have been Canada's Prime Ministers from Confederation to 1953, to nourish pride in our young history and refresh our knowledge of it. At the time of a federal election it seemed appropriate to do so, for reasons which we mention in the preceding paragraphs. To complete the record, here are the terms of office:

Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative, from July 1, 1867, to Nov. 6, 1873; and again from Oct. 17, 1878, to June 6, 1891.

Alexander Mackenzie, Liberal, from Nov. 7, 1873, to Oct. 16, 1878.

Sir John Abbott, Conservative, from June 16, 1891, to Dec. 5, 1892. (He resigned, because of ill health.)

Sir John Thompson, Conservative, from Dec. 5, 1892, to Dec. 12, 1894.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Conservative, from Dec. 21, 1894, to April 27, 1896.

Sir Charles Tupper, Conservative, from May 1, 1896, to July 8, 1896.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Liberal, from July 11, 1896 to Oct. 6, 1911.

Sir Robert L. Borden, Conservative, from Oct. 10, 1911, to Oct. 12, 1917; and heading a Unionist Government, from Oct. 12, 1917, to July 10, 1920.

Arthur Meighen, Unionist (National Liberal and Conservative Party), from July 10, 1920, to Dec. 29, 1921; and again, as a Conservative, from June 28, 1926, to Sept. 25, 1926.

W. L. Mackenzie King, Liberal, from Dec. 29, 1921, to June 28, 1926; from Sept. 25, 1926, to Aug. 6, 1930; and from Oct. 23, 1935, to Nov. 15, 1948.

R. B. Bennett, Conservative, from Aug. 7, 1930, to Oct. 23, 1935.

Louis S. St. Laurent, Liberal, from Nov. 15, 1948.

Piano and Marimba

IF THE MARIMBA wins general aceptance as a concert instrument, it will be due in large measure to a 23-year-old ash-blonde named Muriel Kilby, who is the soloist this week with the Promenade Symphony Orchestra in Toronto. The verdict we got from the Royal Conservatory of Music was, "The instrument has gained some stature since she began to play it."

Miss Kilby was in the United States at a summer school when we tried to get in touch with her, but we were able to collect a considerable amount of information about her career, which started when her father, who works for the Toronto Transportation Commission, bought her a toy drum and xylophone when she was very young. She graduated from these instruments (still at an early age) to the pianoforte, and in no time at all was delighting teachers and winning prizes with her proficiency.

As a pianist, she won seven scholarships, including a course at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto and another at New York's Juilliard School of Music; she has appeared seven times as a soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; and was the winner for three consecutive years of a nation-wide contest for composition sponsored by the Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada.

Her reputation as a pianist was established by the time she became interested in the marimba. Just why she picked on the marimba we were not able to discover, but one suggestion is that her interest derived from her early experience with the xylophone.

In the course of our investigations we found that while the marimba is considered to be a Mexican instrument "of the nature of a xylophone" (to quote Dunstan's *Cyclopaedic Dictionary of Music*), the xylophone itself is of ancient origin, called in various places and at various times by such names as Strohfiedel, Holzharmonika, Claquebois, Gigelira and Sticcado. It has been called Strohfiedel because sometimes the tuned wooden bars are laid on cords of twisted straw. The English word derives from the Greek — *xylon*, wood, and *phone*, sound. In Illing's *Dictionary of Music*, the marimba gets three lines, the xylophone six, plus a diagram. Miss Kilby's skill at the marimba undoubtedly will bring about a revision.

James Abresch

MURIEL KILBY: The marimba has gained stature.

The Sober Campaign

WE HAVE BEEN looking over our file of reports on speeches made during the recent Federal election, and a sober mass of material it is. We sought in vain for the light touch, the deft quip, the sharp riposte; for the kind of thing with which Adlai Stevenson had illuminated the presidential campaign in the United States—his reply to Republican criticism of his wit, for instance, when he said he would obey "what is coming to be known as the new Republican Law of Gravity," or his answer to Republican cries about it being time for a change, "I would like to suggest to the Republicans that it is time for a change —from the General to the specific." But our candidates went into battle with no lightness of heart or tongue. It is true that an election is a serious matter, but surely it does not have to be dead serious.

The Regency Changes

THE BRITISH Government's decision to amend the Regency Act, started a polite, determined controversy in the United Kingdom, but it has brought little reaction in Canada. What comment there has been here has indicated a sort of lukewarm approval of the changes in the Act.

The amendments do more than modify the Act; they give it a new principle, and it is this change which has stirred argument in Britain. The Act was passed in 1937, when the Government thought it wise to establish a rule that both the Regency and the composition of the Council of State should be determined by the succession to the throne, with the one exception that a Queen's consort should be included in the Council of State. Under these provisions, Princess Margaret would be Regent and the Queen Mother could not be a member of the Council, because anyone "incapable of inheriting, possessing and enjoying the Crown," was excluded.

The amending Bill provides for the Duke of Edinburgh becoming Regent if his son should succeed to the throne before he is 18, and will make the Queen Mother one of the Councillors of State who look after the Queen's duties when she is ill or out of the country.

To us, the changes are eminently reasonable. As *The Times* of London observed, it seemed to be "a curious arrangement in a private family" that the aunt and not the father "should discharge the political duties of the

throne and be the guardian of the infant King or Queen." The *Daily Express*, however, thought that "there are indeed powerful arguments for keeping the Regency within the present line of succession"; but it did not elaborate on the supposed arguments. The *Manchester Guardian* asked if the Duke as Regent-designate would be entitled to take more of an interest in the affairs of state to which he now has no right of access, and if the Duke after being Regent, might not remain "a great power behind the throne"; but it did not give any clear answers to the questions.

The arguments and the answers could not be anything but vaguely academic. The real powers of the Monarchy are so limited, and the Crown's freedom of action so circumscribed by law and custom that the fear of "a power behind the throne" is not substantial enough to raise goose-pimples on anyone but the most hide-bound traditionalist.

The World of Color

ENGINEERS in the General Electric Company's laboratory in Schenectady, NY, have estimated that the average person can see about 500,000 different colors, and experts can distinguish about twice as many. But because each color exists only for the person looking at it and seldom looks the same to any two people, the engineers have an instrument called a spectrophotometer, which consistently "sees" the same color. The spectrophotometer has no moods, no inhibitions, no physical chemistry to blur its judgment; it records the vibrations of color with the cold impartiality of a closed mind, and misses all the fun of arguing about the shades of difference.

Freedom of the Air

THE ARGUMENT about commercial television in Britain has fallen into a pattern which has become familiar to Canadians. Those who support the monopoly of the BBC profess to believe that private operators will use TV to destroy British culture, corrupt the nation's morals, wreck the educational system and turn all the children into low-grade morons. Their opponents question the right of an agency controlled by the government to monopolize a medium which can exert a strong influence over public opinion; they argue that if the monopoly is justified in this case, it would also be proper to establish state monopolies of the press, films, theatre and religion; they wonder why advertising becomes an evil thing only when it is used on the air; and they conclude that every person should have a freedom of choice.

It is significant that many of those who oppose private television in Britain are Socialists, blindly dedicated to the theory that any State monopoly is good and any private ownership bad. Ranged against them are the people who do not think that the State or any agency of the State should have the power to decide what everyone else should hear or see. The advocates of freedom of the air make more sense than their opponents, as A. J. P. Taylor, of Oxford's Magdalen College, demonstrated when, in reply to the "doctrinal commitment" which *The New Statesman and Nation* said it had against private TV, he wrote:

"You argue that commercial television will show lower taste than the saintly monopoly. Why should it? If it offends the public, the advertising result will not be obtained; and, like all the critics of free television, you write as though all advertising is directed to a mass-market . . . No one is proposing that the BBC should be abolished or even have its revenue diminished; simply that there should be other outlets for artists and, even more important, for producers. Why not try freedom? It has its risks, but also, I believe, its virtues."

The Strange Truce

THE TRUCE in Korea undoubtedly was one of the strangest in history. There was no exultation, no ringing of bells, no parades, nothing but one day's flaring headlines in the newspapers, the silent prayers of those whose sons and husbands were dug into the Korean hillsides, and the grumbling of those who could not understand armistice without victory.

It is possible that this is the new pattern for war and peace: a sullen see-saw of destructive forces grinding along in bloody ups and downs to a political settlement which could have been achieved without violence in the first place. If this is so, it takes us closer to the realization that war is no more satisfactory as a solution to differences between nations than the drunken punch that climaxes a beer-parlor brawl. We can talk as bravely as we like about "total victory" and "no surrender," but they are empty phrases when the exhausted victors find they cannot regain their strength without the help of the defeated.

There would be greater reassurance in the Korean truce, however, if it could be believed that it was the end of a war. But at this time it looks more like an incident in a continuing struggle. We may be convinced that war is one of the more stupid ways of reaching a political settlement, but there is no evidence that those we oppose have come to this understanding.

Corps Commandant

HAVING NOTED with approval the soldierly bearing of the uniformed men before the portals of various hotels and other buildings in Toronto, we paid a visit to Lt.-Col. Maurice H. A. Drury, OBE, CD, who is Commandant of the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires, Eastern Canada Inc., which is a non-profit corporation, organized along military lines, with adjutants, sergeants-major and so forth. We complimented him on the crisp appearance of his men, at a time when everybody else looked wilted.

"The standards are high," he said. "There is always a greater demand for the right type of man than we can fill." Among the qualifications for the job are British citizenship, good character, a service record and, as a rule, a minimum age of 45 years. Once accepted, the man is usually sure of employment, full or part-time, for as long as he wants it. We learned, too, that rates of pay vary according to the job, and employers send their cheques to the Corps, which deducts a small service fee to cover insurance, administrative costs and holiday pay before passing on their wages to the commissionaires.

"We are quite a large organization," Col. Drury said. "We have 600 members in Toronto alone, and possibly five times that number throughout Canada. Our payroll in this city approaches $1 million a year. The navy blue uniform of the Corps is a familiar sight in such firms as the Bell Telephone, British American Oil, many of the large insurance companies, and even a Chinese restaurant, as well as most of the Government offices, of course."

Gilbert A. Milne

LT.-COL. MAURICE DRURY: The standards are high.

Col. Drury himself, a stocky 56-year-old man of considerable personal charm, served in both World Wars with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. He was ready to retire on pension in September, 1946, after more than 30 years' military service, when he was offered the job of commanding the Toronto Corps, which was then entering its 20th year. Most of his time is taken up by Corps duties and travelling between his home in Oakville and his office in Toronto, but he and his wife have made a successful hobby of breeding Boston bull terriers. One of his dogs, Sovereign's Escort, won a best-of-breed award at a show in New York last year.

After we left Col. Drury, we just barely refrained from snapping a sharp salute at the next commissionaire we passed.

Mania For Noise

SEVERAL municipalities recently have taken steps to reduce the noise made by automobiles, trucks, trains and factories within their boundaries. We wish them well, but we fear that bylaws will not be enough to restore quiet to a world infatuated with noise.

In North America at least, it seems that most people must have noise of some sort to keep them from boredom or loneliness. The housework that must be done to the accompaniment of a blaring radio, the meal that must be eaten to the thumpings and wailings of a jukebox, the car that must be driven through traffic with a blaring horn—these things, and many more like them, are evidence of the apparent terror we have of stillness.

Only a masochistic mania for noise could have spawned a commercial enterprise dedicated to the production of intentionally irritating sounds; this happened with the formation of a company carrying the frank name of Horrible Records. The American promoters apparently dreamed it up as a sort of joke on the public, but there is nothing funny about a situation which can give birth to a theory that if a thing is noisy enough and ballyhooed enough it will be a success.

It may be that our fear of quiet springs from our dread of being alone, of having to think our own thoughts, listen to our own minds. If this is so, it must be the greatest fear of all, because it means we cannot bear to live with ourselves.

Radar for Cars

THE AUTOMOBILE of the future, we are told, will be guided by radar; it will have some scientific gadget put into it which will steer it away from all obstructions, thus eliminating collisions—as long as the gadget is working. Motorists will be able to dart about with all the skill and blind confidence of bats, which also have a sort of built-in radar. We are happy to know that the engineers are thinking along these lines; we have long been convinced that the only solution to the problem of traffic safety is an invention which will let the vehicle do the thinking for the driver.

Letters

Disobedient Children

IT SEEMS to me that children are becoming progressively more disobedient and ill-mannered, to say nothing of the fact that they have no regard for public or private property, their own, or their neighbors. The streets are strewn with abandoned tricycles, doll carriages and other toys which stay there until their parents come to gather them up, or until some innocent pedestrian stumbles over them in the dark and, with justifiable irritation, kicks them out of the way.

To this carelessness towards their own belongings, which must be costly to their parents, is allied their destruction of other people's property. Within the last week, the normal, healthy, well-cared-for children in our district have (a) sprinkled glass over the floor of a garage which was left open; (b) deliberately upset and broken the flower urns and bird bath in a fine garden; (c) splashed red paint on walks and stones in a rockery.

Their parents belong to the school of child upbringing which believes that to use the rod is to warp the personality, than which there is no greater sin. These children have never been spanked at home or at school. Indeed, any teacher who dared to lay hands on one of the little brats would find herself faced in short order with an irate parent accusing her of calculated malevolence.

I submit that children need to be disciplined firmly and judiciously (which generally means the application of the hairbrush where it will do the most good) both at home and at school. I am told by several friends who are teachers that the problem of discipline is far more difficult than it used to be and that they are so hedged about by restrictions in regard to the use of corporal punishment that they cannot, in effect, use it at all.

Must our children wait until they are eighteen and thrust into business or the army to learn discipline, or are parents and teachers going to begin to instil it at a proper age by an immediate and sharp spanking on the spot Nature padded for the purpose?

(Mrs. D. S.) AGNES STEWART
Winnipeg

Road Hazards

MAY I COMPLIMENT YOU on the excellence of your paper both in form and content. As we have just come from the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, we were particularly pleased with the fine article by your drama critic on the performance and production of the plays. I may say that I think he showed considerably more insight in his analysis than the critics from my own country.

We have come over a thousand miles to attend this Festival and we have been delighted with it, with the hospitality of Stratford, and with those Canadians we have met in shops and homes and at the theatre. We are not very happy about the Canadians we have met on the road, particularly the ones we've had to drive behind. Why is it, Mr. Editor, that a people of enterprise and obvious creative genius cannot learn to drive properly? From the time we crossed the border our driving hours have been made miserable by dawdlers, meanderers, non-signallers, and reckless fools.

Of them all the most exasperating is the non-signaller and his cousin who has one signal, and whose straight-out arm may mean right or left turn, slow down, stop, or just that he's tired holding the wheel and wants to extend his arm by way of relaxation.

We would like to come back to Stratford next year, but the hazards of your roads have shaken our nerve. Can you not initiate a campaign for good driving, and in particular for the use of the correct signals by all drivers?

Columbia, SC HARLEN B. FERREN

Narrow-Minded

OUR CORRESPONDENT who resents the idea of a Stratford Festival, would doubtless like the Bayreuth Festival to take place in Berlin!!! I have just come across an equally narrow-minded outlook—a British Army Colonel in a letter to the Editor of the British weekly *The Field*, queries the usefulness of conquering Everest. These things remind me of Oscar Wilde's description of Hamlet's friends —"the little cups that hold so much and no more."

Toronto THOMAS H. LANT

Food for the Needy

AT THIS TIME the government is loaded down with pork, butter, cheese, etc., it has had to buy to maintain a market. At this writing it looks as if we will have to buy a lot more.

As the farmer appears to need continued subsidies, I have a suggestion. . .

Supply all that is necessary to Federal institutions such as veterans' hospitals, penitentiaries, etc.; to Provincial institutions such as hospitals, homes for the aged . . . to disabled veterans, pensioners, needy families with children, etc.

The government bought these goods to sustain the price levels. The government most certainly has the right to dispose of the goods in any way it can to ease the burden on the taxpayer who foots the bills. . .

Vancouver L. J. WILSON

Straw Men

YOUR SUGGESTION that much that is said by candidates in the last weeks of a campaign should not be taken too seriously should evidently be extended to editors. Unlike candidates however, their statements are not made in the heat of debate and therefore I find it hard to forgive a paper like SATURDAY NIGHT for setting up such palpably false straw men in order to knock them down with quite illogical conclusions and mislead innocent readers.

The last place any Party would look for "fruits upon which to fatten" would surely be the aftermath of a depression. The Bennett Government found that out to its sorrow in five years. Even the Liberals had to wait for war to get relief.

The CCF has never held out depression as the result of Peace, but rather as the result of *laissez-faire*, and works for Peace because War interferes with planned economy. Misstating Socialist aims is unworthy. . .

Regina J. F. MCKAY

Confused Thinking

IT IS REGRETTABLE that a publication of your standing should have commented editorially as it did on the subject of divorce and the British Royal Family in the issue of July 25. The comments are illustrative of the confused thinking on this matter that is so prevalent in the English-speaking world.

There are two forms of marriage—Christian and civil marriage. Parties contracting a valid Christian marriage cannot enter into another Christian marriage while one or other of the married parties is alive. This does not arise from any man-made laws or conceptions but from Christ's own teaching which was most explicit on the subject . . .

Most of the nominally Christian English-speaking world has ceased, almost unwittingly, to be Christian in that it accepts only such part of Christ's teaching as is expedient and palatable . . .

Insofar as your comments dealt with the question of marriage and divorce on the purely civil level, and the ridiculous state of the present law, they were excellent. But they should go much further. To follow them out to their logical conclusion they should propose that civil marriage should be unaccompanied by any vows, should be a purely legal contract terminable by either party at will (and perhaps with due notice) and surrounded by suitable provisions for damages or alimonies according to circumstances, and with perhaps the setting up of state supported homes or institutions for children of such marriages whose existence might prove embarrassing to parents seeking other unions. This is the state of affairs to which the present drift is pointed.

Montreal A. IAN FLEMING

Russian Objectives

. . . WILLSON WOODSIDE'S articles . . . stimulating, courageous and independent . . . I am particularly concerned with the acceptance by the British official and press circles of the so-called "Russian change of mood" attitude. Of course, this is not the case, because it cannot be. It seems quite obvious now that after Stalin's death, three forces started to fight for power: the Communist Party, the Secret Police and the Army. Stalin was able to keep them silenced thanks to the force of his iron will power and unscrupulous eradication of any opposition. Beria and his Police were overthrown by the coalition of the Party and the Army. For the first time in Soviet history, the Army was called upon to fulfil a political role. . . Is the Communist Party going to use the Army in future as well . . . Or is the Party now going to rebuild a new Secret Police and needs time for consolidation? Is the Army going to use its chance now, or wait until Party leaders cut the military throats after consolidation, as they did before with Marshal Tuchachewski and others?

All those questions are very pertinent, but one thing is certain—there is no change of mood of Russian objectives. There is only a need for a period of peace to consolidate their power.

With the Marshals and Generals to influence the Soviet politics, some observers may think that the chances are better because the military people are usually realists. I think the opposite. I believe that the difference in their thinking concerns only the methods, not the goals.

Guelph, Ont. B. T. DALE, MD, DPH.

Bathing Tragedies

THERE HAVE BEEN several youngsters drowned recently in supervised pools and unsupervised farm ponds. The tragedies generally occur when the bathing places are crowded—when there are so many bathers in the water that it makes little difference if there is supervision or not . . . The pools are overcrowded because of a general lack of places to paddle and swim. Rivers and beaches which could provide fine, safe spots for youngsters, are all too often polluted; within municipalities too little attention has been given provision of swimming and wading pools.

Toronto KATHERINE HELSDON

Of Many Things

THE WASPISH ATTACK by Scott Young on "Looking Backward" for presuming to say what did not need to be said is typical of the cosmopolitan attitude with which the Canadian proletariat is so richly endowed. . . These people take the attitude that anything that is popular must be automatically good, and anything not so "tricksily tailored for the ephemerae of the slicks" must be bad. . . He also made a bow to Strong. If there's a comparison between weights of the published works of Scott and Strong, who'll be the heavier?

Ottawa CLARENCE JONES

SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Summer Bachelor," Hugh Garner . . . we find his observations of The Social Scene thoroughly delightful and, yes, downright uproarious!

Toronto (MRS.) H. P. HOLLAND

I AM happy to renew my subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT for I am certain that, at last, we have a distinctive Canadian magazine of character, color and viewpoint . . .

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TORONTO

Dr. Kinsey and the Human Female

By ELEANOR RUMMING, Ph.D.

WITHIN A FEW DAYS Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey will release some information to the press about his new book, *Sexual Behavior in The Human Female*. Although I am professionally interested in Dr. Kinsey's work, and might reasonably expect to be admitted to his press conferences, I am not going to make the journey to Indiana to attend them, because I do not think that the Doctor will make public the only parts of his book which are of particular interest to me—his statistical findings. Therefore I shall wait to read his book when it appears in full, which I understand will not be for some months. The general findings of Dr. Kinsey's report are predictable, and I shall predict them here.

This is not an attempt to cast doubt on the value of Dr. Kinsey's work, nor do I make claim to second sight. But the sexual behavior of the human female is not a mystery; it is well understood by large numbers of psychologists, anthropologists and other people whose study is mankind. Dr. Kinsey is unlikely to tell us anything we did not know before. All that he can give us which is new is a statistical background for our understanding of female sexual behavior.

Dr. Kinsey is a zoologist by profession, and in his approach to the study of sexual behavior among human beings he uses the approach of the taxonomist. A taxonomist is a classifier, and part of the apparatus of his work are statistics, charts and graphs which help him to decide the commonness or rarity of species, and variations within species. Great students of sexual behavior, such as the late Havelock Ellis, were not taxonomists. Their approach to their work was artistic and intuitive. They did not talk to so many people as Dr. Kinsey and his associates; they did not ask everybody a single set of questions; they were often advisers and friends to the people they examined, and thus their relationship with their subjects was not a scientific one. Dr. Kinsey, in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, refers to the methods of these earlier investigators as "barbershop techniques". Very well, let us see if Dr. Kinsey can do better.

Kinsey's own technique has been widely criticized. The book on the Human Male was based on examinations of 12,000 men, all living in the U.S.A. Whether 12,000 male Americans can be allowed to answer for the whole human race is certainly a matter for debate. Many people who did not like Kinsey's findings said that his statistics were worthless. I do not agree. His findings bore out what students of sexual behavior who were not taxonomists might reasonably have expected. Some figures were a little higher, and some a little lower, but none was really surprising. Why, then, did his book cause so much discussion, and why has his forthcoming work on the Human Female aroused so much anticipation?

It is because curiosity about sexual behavior is both franker and more demanding now than it has ever been in human history. Before the war of 1914-18 books about sexual behavior were read only by people professionally interested in the subject. Ellis's pioneer work *Studies In The Psychology of Sex* was considered pornographic, and its publication was interfered with; the facts stated in the works of Freud and Krafft-Ebing aroused strong objections, and were often dismissed because they had sometimes been drawn from examinations of mentally unstable patients. But many taboos have been shaken in the past twenty-five years, and great numbers of people now want to know the facts about sexual behavior as far as these can be ascertained.

This is a healthy curiosity. If some forms of sexual behavior seem undesirable, we must know what they are, and how widespread they are, before we can make up our minds whether they are really reprehensible or not. A physician cannot cure a disease by saying that it is nasty, and refusing to look at it: society must cure its ills, if they are ills, by knowledge. Popular morality, for many centuries, has taken the line that knowledge, in this realm, corrupts. We have begun to realize, however, that great numbers of people profess popular morality while acting according to the dictates of nature, education and economic circumstances. And this division between what people *think* they should do, and what they *really* do, has been a common cause of neurosis. In Canada, where we have a disgracefully high rate of insanity and neurosis, we should pay more attention to this division than we do.

For instance, in talking of sexual behavior, we make frequent use of the word "normality", but we have taken no trouble to find out what normality really is, or what range of sexual activity it covers. Normality, surely, is what most people do. Dr. Kinsey's book on the Human Male showed that what most people do is far more varied than public morality is prepared to admit.

Public morality and public opinion about sex changes. Fifty years ago it was still widely believed that only depraved women enjoyed sexual experiences, and that normal women did not desire them. Physicians and clergymen asserted that this was so, for physicians and clergymen are just as strongly influenced by popular beliefs as other people, and can silence their common sense just as effectively. But nobody feels obliged to uphold this superstition any longer. The improved social and economic status of women has given them not only votes and jobs, but has also entitled them to the passions of human beings.

What will Dr. Kinsey tell us about the sexual behavior of women? He must tell us that a large number of women are masturbators, and that some of them continue in this habit to advanced ages. He will tell us that a large number of them have sexual experience of some sort during childhood. He will tell us that in adolescence a large number of them have homosexual relationships with other women, though it is probable that these do not proceed to physical experimentation as often as is the case among men. He will tell us that a great number of women have sexual relationships before marriage, and that university girls are as interested in sexual experiment as male students, even though they may maintain a technical virginity.

DR. KINSEY will have some findings to impart to us about marriage, and the enjoyment of sex in that state, which should throw an interesting light upon our civilization and what is called The American Way of Life. It is common folklore that the third year, or the fifth year, or the tenth year, of marriage is the critical one; we may expect to learn that sexual activity in many marriages is intense during the first three years, and that although much popular opinion is still against it, coitus continues in many marriages until the last month, and even until the last day, of pregnancy. We may expect some figures on the variants of the sexual act (some of which, by the way, are actually illegal, even in wedlock, in some parts of the U.S.A.) which are most favored, and the incidence of those caresses which science has shrouded in the Latin obscurity of *fellatio* and *cunnilinctus*. We need not expect to hear much about incest, for it did not figure largely in Kinsey's earlier book, and the book in preparation must naturally be a companion piece. The sexual behavior of the Human Male and that of the Human Female must be expected to dovetail, so to speak, in its principal manifestations.

We may expect to hear a good deal about the occurrence of orgasm in women. Undoubtedly there will be a record of some women who have never known this experience, even after years of marriage and repeated motherhood. This group may be larger than we might now suppose. We may equally confidently expect a record of women who are able to experience orgasm two or three times in a single act of intercourse with their male partner. There will probably be some statistics on the variation of desire in women according to the advance of their 28-day cycle, and we may expect to hear of a greater incidence of marital infidelity than male readers will appreciate.

The only factor in female sexuality

Wide World

DR. ALFRED C. KINSEY: A new report.

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which has no hint of a counterpart in male experience is the menopause; there has never been any proof of an actual change of life in men. What may come as a surprise to some readers will be the figures relating to the continuance of sexual experience after this physiological change.

Dr. Kinsey's figures about the varying frequency of sexual experience in women will no doubt be as interesting as those he presented in his study of the male. But what may be even more surprising to great numbers of readers will be the figures showing the years at which sexual desire and performance is highest in women. In the study of the Human Male it appeared that men are at their sexual peak roughly between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two; for many years it has been maintained that this peak in women comes several years later, and some writers have put it between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-two, after a measure of previous experience. If this disparity between male and female in reaching sexual maturity is shown by Kinsey's taxonomical studies to be as great as other investigators have asserted, the popular belief that in marriage the husband should be the older may meet with some revision—though everyday economics is strongly on the side of older husbands than wives.

Apart from these principal considerations we may expect to hear a good deal about the beliefs which women on various levels of education hold about their own sexual nature and practice. The opinions on birth control should be interesting, but will not be surprising to social workers. Degrees of prudery will be explored to some extent, and it will undoubtedly be shown that women of a low economic and educational status regard nakedness, even during intercourse, as objectionable, and prefer coitus at night and in darkness. In this same group the preliminaries to coitus, of which so much is made in modern books on marriage technique, are considered "dirty" after marriage, though they are permitted to some extent during courtship.

One of the most significant single findings of Dr. Kinsey's book on the Human Male was his demonstration that sexual behavior on the more favored educational and economic levels was more free, more varied, and was carried on longer in life, than among the poor and ignorant. It is a common superstition that the poor are more sexually avid than the well-off, and that athletes and people who do physical work are more sexually potent and satisfactory as lovers than brain-workers. Kinsey's earlier book demolished this idea, and his forthcoming work should support his earlier findings. What Kinsey shows by statistics is what common sense would tell us: people who are intelligent and free from immediate money worries manage their sexual affairs better, and enjoy them longer, than the ignorant poor. It is necessary to add that the intelligent well-to-do begin their sexual experience later in life than the ignorant poor. This variation in sexual behavior at different social levels is strongly marked, and holds firm even when people of different social levels are living together, as they do in the armed forces.

We may hope that Dr. Kinsey's findings will lead us to a better understanding of the problem of single women and the problem which they create for society. Cruel jokes about old maids are not as popular as they were in the nineteenth century, but we still cling to the idea that a sublimation of the sexual urge is achieved by those who have no socially approved outlet for it. In his book on the Human Male Dr. Kinsey throws the strongest doubt on the whole theory that abstinent males divert the energy which would ordinarily go into sex into some other channel; his findings among abstinent females should be of the greatest interest, for this class of society seems to be growing, and some solution for its sexual problem will have to be found. Undoubtedly the new report will contain information about a proportion of single adult women who have found means to gratify their need for sexual experience.

Why is Dr. Kinsey making so much palaver about the publication of his *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female?* Those who say that it is for publicity probably wrong the Doctor, who appears to be above such cheap behavior. But I think he is correct in expecting a powerful and probably explosive response to his book. For all his talk about the Human Male and the Human Female, Dr. Kinsey's books are primarily about Americans, and the North American attitude toward sex is not a mature one. (Nor, may I say, does a mature attitude toward sex, in the sense of an attitude free from guilt, fear and ignorant prejudice exist widely anywhere in the world.) In particular, Americans are sensitive about the sexual character of their women. Motherhood and virginity, in many sections of the U.S.A., enjoy a prestige far beyond anything which may be reasonably attributed to their importance in society. In the ideal women of the nation, as shown in popular magazine pictures, and in the idols of Hollywood, these two admired states of being are united; the breasts, symbols of motherhood, are heaved and padded into an extreme development; the loins, the seat of love, are so small as to suggest virginity and perhaps under-development. A nation which sees women in this image will not like to learn that women have much the same desires as men, rely upon their gratification as men do, deviate from artificial concepts of normality as men do, and brood on the sexual side of life as men do.

To say that women are very much like men is, of course, a dangerous oversimplification, but it is nearer truth than the Woman Paradox which our age has inherited from the past of the race, and reinforced by some of our religious concepts. This Woman Paradox is that Woman is at once a Mother Goddess and a divinely desirable Virgin, and also a dirty convenience and a snare to drag man from the path of virtue. When Dr. Kinsey uses every art of diplomacy and public relations to introduce his book about the Human Female to the public, he shows that he is not only a good taxonomist, but a realistic psychologist.

The Social Scene

It's The Right Thing To Do

IF IT IS TRUE that manners maketh men, then right now this country must be suffering the worst manpower shortage of its history. Never long on *politesse*, the normal Canadian male today is indeed a sad gawk.

This is not a mere matter of gentlemen failing to remove their hats in elevators or outmanoeuvering ladies on streetcars (simple derelictions from a genteelism which does not seem able to survive an urban, mechanical way of life), but is a general gaucherie caused by uncertainty as to just what is acceptable.

The Canadian manifestation of bad manners is not a deliberate flouting of accepted conventions but the much more serious matter of having no conventions at all. This arises out of an uneasy mingling of two standards of behavior: the American and the British.

In most societies, the lowest common denominator of acceptable behavior is covered by the unthinking and uncritical stock phrase, "I know what I like"; but in this country we don't even know what we like. On every social level our standards of taste and behavior have little relevance to the national climate, be it intellectual or physical. Our standards are borrowed. There is not a Canadian dance, for instance (*Canadian Capers* is merely the name of a song written in the U.S.A. by a Tin Pan Alley tunesmith) and there is not a Canadian standard of dress or a Canadian cuisine.

The sad part of it is that it was not always thus. We had the beginnings of a culture, but instead of building on it we took the easier way and began to borrow and import. Once we had a rich body of folksongs and tall tales; once Canadian sleighs, cutters and wagons had a distinctive design; there was such a thing as Canadian furniture and Canadian humor. We built our log cabins with a difference. We developed and adapted the moccasin, the fur cap and the mackinaw, but we haven't created any clothes since. Gastronomically we haven't come up with anything much since pemmican and maple syrup.

Today if you try to find the right simile, you're stymied. As Canadian as . . . what?

We're even uncertain about the maple leaf. It was not just an isolated accident when Toronto decided to line its University Avenue with Canadian red maples and didn't realize it had an imported variety until months after they were planted. Even yet there is considerable confusion as to what a red maple is. So much for the maple leaf.

Is it any wonder, then, that this nation of borrowers is more than a little confused when it comes to knowing how to behave?

Our manners, like the majority of other things, come from two main sources—Britain and the U.S.A., and the two standards are diametrically opposed.

The British code is authoritarian, hierarchical and traditional; the American is democratic, independent and frontier.

As good an illustration of the sharp difference between the two is in a yarn Nicholas Monsarrat tells in "The Cruel Sea": a USN captain asked his quartermaster what he was steering and was told the course. Forgetful, he asked the same question again a few minutes later. "Jeez captain!" came the reply, "I just told you." An RN captain would have put the man in irons; the American didn't notice anything amiss at all.

There, in an episode, is the difference. The manners of the U.S.A. reflect the development of that country to nationhood. The nation was founded on a philosophy of utter democracy and it was established (in the military sense) by a people's army in which rank, discipline and badge of office (as understood in the Old World) scarcely existed. The result is a big, sprawling country; the words "free and easy" are most descriptive. Deliberately the old traditions were overthrown and a new code of individualism replaced them. Thus, in Detroit, say, it is not bad manners for all and sundry to call the governor by his first name. It is right for policemen to peal down to sweat-stained shirtsleeves on a hot day. In a people's army, since you apparently have to have medals, it is logical that every one should have his chest covered with ribbons. You are not acting like a boor when you lean on the horn of your car in a traffic jam; you are simply taking advantage of your freedom as a citizen to make your protest by the most obvious and simple means at hand.

BRITISH MANNERS, on the other hand, derive from a philosophy which is categorical. The citizenry is not an amorphous mass of equal, independent individuals. Rather, it is an orderly descent from a supreme authority which, at various times, has been the mediaeval church, the absolute monarch, parliament or (during a brief and far from conclusive experiment) the State. In such a country, protocol is essential and rigid; a place for every man and every man in his place. Each group, from the costermongers to the aristocracy, has to develop its own set of rules in order to preserve its identity and its place in the hierarchy. The result is a punctiliousness which is generally covered by the catch-all phrase "good form."

In this country, we have no tradition either of a fixed order or of unrestrained individualism. We take a bit from one, a bit from the other, and until now we have managed to drift along happily mixing up, but never fusing, the two. We take our legal precedents from both the U.S.A. and Britain; our Army, as any Canadian veteran who has been seconded to either a U.S. or British unit can attest, is somewhere in between. Sometimes we wear a silk hat; sometimes a homburg. We usually sum it up—and smugly too—by saying we are not so unrestrained as the Americans and not so stuffy as the British. Actually we don't know what we are, and have no rules or precedents of our own to guide us.

However, as our increasing wealth and power have pushed us out into the world as Canadians, the necessity for developing some national standard, some national attitude, has been forced upon us.

This is an awkward situation and once more we have fallen back on a makeshift foundation.

THE ONE THING we have in this country which is peculiarly our own is a curious institution called "the Government of Canada." Just what this is, is not too clear but our official stationery now attests that we are no longer a "dominion" but a "government."

This strange creation has no distinctive political color, but hides its tremendous power by blending into the Canadian scene. Unobtrusively, it has developed its authority, carefully cloaked in circumlocution, until it dominates the national life. Maybe it is the national life. At any rate, no cabinet minister will rush to take a stand on anything until he has checked the situation with the double-talking authoritarians of the government service. You and I have our spending money, our needs for old age, our radio programs, even the butterfat in our milk and the alcohol in our beer, assessed by these experts.

It is little wonder, then, that since bureaucracy dominates our national life, it influences our behavior.

We now have the manners of a Grade III civil servant. In all matters of taste and behavior, we are a nation of hedgers. We have all developed that shifty, over-the-shoulder look which means "you have nothing on me." If a dear old lady is knocked down by a car, we ask ourselves if we are likely to get involved with the law before we pick her up.

Half the country eats with the fork in the right hand (American fashion), and half with it in the left in the British way. No ruling has yet been laid down for state dinners on Parliament Hill. In the matter of clothes our ten best dressed men of the year are scarcely distinguishable from the models in the ready-to-wear section of a catalogue. When we are introduced to William Jones we don't know whether to call him Jones, Bill, or Mr. Jones.

We have not been able to decide whether to stand up straight and make an effort to maintain a good posture or to relax and lounge around comfortably. Again we compromise, and in any international gathering the Canadian will be the fellow who fidgets.

Our conversation oscillates feebly between the uninhibited ribaldry of the smoking-car and the pseudo-authoritative opinions we cull from leading columnists, magazine articles and CBC Wednesday Night. We have no standards of appreciation for art, music, drama or literature, but we are great ones for saying that we ought to have them.

When cornered and forced to face a definite challenge, we beat about the bush if we think our adversary is stronger, and we snub him if we think he is weaker.

These attitudes are derived from our "government" standard, the grey pall of bureaucratic thinking. If you don't believe it, you can test it any time you feel like it. Just get into a slight wrangle with any government department. If you are small potatoes, you will have to deal with minor civil servants who will send you bullying letters ending with polished phrases like "Your answer is required within ten days," or you will be ignored or receive mimeographed letters which have no relevance to your problem at all. If they think you are a man of some consequence, on the other hand, you will deal with a senior official who will cite clauses, conditions and amendments you have never heard of until you will hardly be able to tell whether you have won or lost.

Then what will you do? If you're an average Canadian you will skulk away to your own little corner and find release in ineffective, snide comments which you hope will never reach the ears of any who may be offended.

And that, my fellow citizens, is the right thing to do because, in Canada, that is good manners.

JAMES SCOTT

•

The Mining Town

Youthful am I and yet not innocent,
spawned from the muskeg and
man's need for gold.
My stunted forests, encircling with
scant beauty,
yield little shelter from the stormy
cold.
Tough-minded am I, somewhat foul
of mouth,
showing at times slight reticence or
shame—
My insecurity speaks in my strident
voice,
proclaiming all my adolescent pain.

Yet, though I pass, though I return
again
to my beginnings in the wilderness,
Or grow, develop, and quite settle
down,
become complacent, smug — it is
my guess
That I shall still live on in my men's
minds.
When they grow old, one day they'll
say, "Remember—??"
And laugh and tell my early sagas
o'er,
seeking our youth together in the
embers—
What then had Troy, that I should
envy her?

D. M. REID

Ottawa Letter

The Conduct of the Federal Campaign

NOW THAT THE Federal election is over, some comments on certain features of the campaign may be appropriate. During its course the amenities of public life were well observed, and Prime Minister St. Laurent and Mr. Drew on occasion bandied compliments in graceful fashion. Except in Quebec, there was a gratifying avoidance of personalities; it is a far off cry to the days when the marriage of Sir George Foster to a divorced lady was a prominent issue in a general election, and a candidate could win loud applause by telling his audience that "there is not a cypress tree in ——— County, under which the Hon. Peter X has not laid his drunken head."

On the whole, however, it was a pitiably dull contest, and the interest of the mass of the voters in it was only quickened in the last two weeks of the campaign. The hot weather in July may have been responsible, but the average candidate could only attract meagre audiences and a big name was required to draw a sizable crowd to a meeting.

All the parties tried to make the best use of the time allotted to them for political broadcasts, but from what I could discover listeners were easily bored. So the candidates were compelled to spend more time in personal canvassing and in private efforts to enlist the goodwill of leaders of organized groups, such as the farmers, labor, the veterans and the smaller racial minorities. One can question, too, whether adequate returns were secured from the lavish expenditures made by two senior parties upon advertisements of different kinds; and whether more than a fraction of voters paid any attention to the reams of electioneering literature, with which the country was flooded. These advertisements were the largest item in election budgets which nowadays have been swollen to absurdly extravagant size.

I have been told that numerous candidates informed their party headquarters that, unless they had a campaign fund of $25,000, they had no hope of carrying their seat, and if they secured such a huge sum most of it would be wasted. Something must be done about the monstrously high cost of elections; there is no valid reason why Canada should not follow the example of Britain and place an effective curb upon it.

In the technique of electioneering a tremendous change has occurred, and not for the better. The early advocates of democracy had a touching faith in rational discussion as a guide to political action and as justification of the rule of the majority. The theory was that, since human beings are on the whole rational and the proper answer to any given problem could be ascertained by reason, there was a greater probability that the majority would arrive at the right judgment than would the minority.

This theory had considerable validity as long as a large proportion of the qualified voters took politics seriously and applied a process of intelligent reasoning to the issues of the day. It operated fairly well in Canada for half a century after Confederation, because politics were the chief intellectual interest of the people and were taken very seriously. The newspapers gave great space to them, reporting verbatim the speeches of the leaders.

Most of the voters had a definite allegiance to one of the two historic parties and took a keen interest in their policies and fortunes.

It was assumed that the spread of education would enable more citizens to make sound judgments on public questions. What was not foreseen was that the inventions of the motor car, films and the radio would provide for the mass of the people new and absorbing interests, which would diminish their concern with politics. Today it is not unfair to suggest that, except during general elections, at least three-fourths of the Canadian people take only a casual interest in politics; they remain aloof from party organization and decide to vote, not on the broad grounds of the nation's interests, but in accordance with their ideas of the effect which the policies of the different parties will have upon their personal fortunes.

Furthermore, fifty years ago our staple problems, such as the tariff, land settlement and railway construction, were relatively simple, and international complications were rare. As a result, the average voter was capable of pronouncing an intelligent opinion about the best solution for them. Today most of our political, social and economic problems are so complicated that few voters possess the specialized knowledge needed for their effective solution.

How many Canadians today are equipped to offer any worthwhile opinion upon such complicated issues as the admittance of Communist China to the UN, or the convertibility of sterling, which has an important bearing upon our export trade? Today even Ministers have to depend upon their technical experts to supply solutions for most of their problems, and the citizen has in a large measure surrendered his right of reason to the expert. Thus the only part that the great majority of the voters can hope to play in a modern election is to support the party whose leaders seem, in their opinion, most likely to choose the best experts and to be guided by their advice.

The discovery has also been made that the mass of the voters is often moved most effectively by non-rational emotions such as admiration, hatred and jealousy, and can be reached most successfully by appeals to the eye and ear rather than to reason. Just as advertising has become an indispensable adjunct of mass production in industry, propaganda has become an essential element of mass democracy. Therefore, managers of political campaigns employ firms of professional advertisers to "sell" their leader and his candidates to the public by the same methods as those employed for the sale of breakfast foods and tooth paste. But the butter of the advertisements would lose its value if it was spread too thinly, and so it is concentrated mainly upon the personality of a single individual leader.

The effort of the political advertisers is directed less to convincing the voters that their hero has a first class brain, which equips him to reason clearly about current problems and to choose the best experts, than to persuading them that he is the embodiment of all the best virtues, a friendly kind-hearted man with no prejudices, who yearns to better the lot of all his countrymen. For this purpose a pleasing personality, an agreeable voice and an air of friendly bonhomie are almost essential qualifications; if these qualities are absent in the leader, the publicity experts proceed to train him to demonstrate his possession of them.

DURING the late campaign, Mr. St. Laurent felt no need to present any extensive program of reforms, although many important problems are crying out for solution. While he was being paraded to the public as the benevolent, high-minded "Uncle Louie," he devoted most of his oratorical energies to answering the charges of his opponents and criticising their policies. In short, he conducted a passive campaign, and what somebody has called "brown paper parcels of platitudes" were the chief ingredients of too many of his speeches.

The need for employing this new technique of electioneering seems to have bred in the Prime Minister a deplorable indifference to his own reputation with history. At the Bar he was a great stickler for truth and accuracy, and very impatient with quibbling and evasiveness on the part of his legal adversaries. He began his career as Prime Minister with the almost universal respect of the whole country. He was believed to have integrity of purpose and honesty in his intellectual processes; he was felt to be a cut above the ordinary politician.

During his first election campaign, he did nothing to forfeit this high reputation, and the size of the Liberal majority bore eloquent testimony to the confidence reposed in him by the Canadian people. His lapses from grace in the recent campaign, however, have been too numerous to be condoned.

Mr. St. Laurent's repute as a statesman would have fared better with history if he had retired before fighting his second election.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Foreign Affairs

After Mossadegh the Deluge

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, in Persia. Mossadegh, who never had any program of his own except nationalization of oil, is just about at the end of his string. The perfect forerunner for the Communists, he has suppressed the Senate, through which the traditional elements of the nation kept a rein on the chaotic lower house of parliament, he has pried control of the Army away from the Shah, and has greatly reduced the power of the Crown in other ways, by taking over control of the Crown lands and by exiling the more strong-willed members of the Royal family. Then, with his plebiscite, Mossadegh assaulted the Constitution.

The power of dissolving parliament is vested in the Shah. Mossadegh, who had lost control of parliament during recent months, was determined to confront the Shah with "an expression of the popular will", to override his opposition. To make sure that the popular will is his will, Mossadegh has abolished the secrecy of the ballot which was established in the Constitution of 1906.

If one is to make any sense of what has been going on in this political lunatic asylum, one has to go back at least as far as the assassination of Premier Razmara, in the early spring of 1951. This is accepted as the work of the Mullah Kashani, who is an evil genius, where Mossadegh is only a mountebank. Admittedly Razmara had made himself unpopular, but from the time of his death it has been impossible to talk sense or reason in the parliament. It was hard even to find anyone to take up the premiership. Stout little Hussein Ala, who had led the battle in the UN Security Council in the spring of 1946 to get the Red Army out of Azerbaijan, tried when everyone else refused. But the fever of nationalization had seized the people, and the moment was Mossadegh's.

He pinned everything on nationalization of the British-owned oil properties, promising the people that once this was done they would all live in ease and plenty, and every manner of improvement could be carried out in the country. Because Mossadegh made so many promises of what nationalization would do for the people, and has been quite unable to deliver, it seems inevitable that the deep-seated social discontent of the people will now turn to the Tudeh (Communist) program of expropriating the wealth of the Crown and the landlords.

It is the special contribution of Mossadegh—which the Communists will fully appreciate—to have turned over control of the streets and hence of government to the political mobs. This he did last July when he took from the Shah the control of the Army, the only possible counterbalancing force. In those days Mossadegh was confident that *his* would be the dominant mob, and it was when it had the support of Kashani's Moslem extremists and was filled with the fresh fervor of victory over the British. However, Kashani, after having been elected to one of the controlling positions in the State, that of Speaker of the Majlis or lower house of parliament, broke with Mossadegh last fall when the latter demanded dictatorial powers.

Now we see the "victorious" Mossadegh, having bested the British, the Shah, the Senate, the Army and the Mullah Kashani, on the point of handing the country over to the Communists or pushing it into civil war. He has not officially sanctioned a Tudeh demonstration for the first time in four and a half years, and seen what a mighty one it was, only to give himself the trouble of trying to bottle Tudeh up again. On the contrary, he must intend to accept Tudeh support.

But the Communists, of course, are playing for the elimination of the Shah, as the rallying point of the traditional forces of Persian life, and of the Army. Once he is gone they will be very near their goal. And is the Shah not likely to pull out? He has an indecisive character, and has failed time and again to stand up to Mossadegh's encroachments. The stronger-willed members of the family have all been sent away, and when his twin sister flew back to stiffen his backbone recently, she was packed out of the country again overnight. The Shah talked of going last February; this time he may do it. Just to aid his decision the so-called Azerbaijan Democratic Radio blares away every day, from Soviet soil, that he and his brother ought to be tried as criminals and murderers.

IT LOOKS very much as though the Communist patience will at last be rewarded, and Iran, one of those territories lying south of the Caspian and Black Seas which Molotov told Hitler back in 1940 represented the chief territorial aspirations of Soviet Russia, will become a satellite of Moscow. It is very hard to see anything which the Western powers could do now to check it. It may be that they would even try to console themselves afterwards with the thought that Iranian oil production is now very low, that we have replaced it on the other side of the Gulf, that the Russians have few tankers, that we could block them at Suez, and that it would take them years to build a pipeline northwards across the mountains. Sooner or later, however, a Russian threat to the oil of the Middle East, one of the great sources of power in the world today, vital alike to modern industry and to modern military power, must mean a threat of war.

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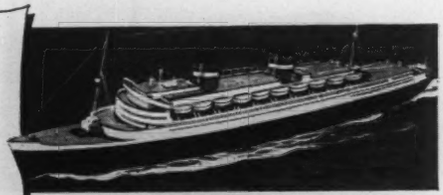

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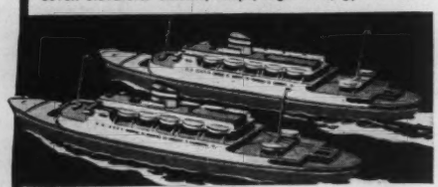

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Letter from Montreal

Required: A Major Operation

LIKE A STUBBORN WOMAN with high blood pressure, who has refused to alter a happy-go-lucky life but feels so wretched that she knows her life has to be altered anyway, Montreal this summer has reached the point at last where she is willing to listen to what the doctors have been telling her for years. What makes her heart beat frantically, her eyes stare, her hands shake and her ankles swell, is the condition wrought in her organism by the hardening of her traffic arteries. With the possible exception of Boston, Montreal can probably boast of the worst case of traffic on the North American continent.

From professional city-planners to ordinary tax-payers, everyone thinks the malady is easy to diagnose and all but impossible to cure, unless the patient can be persuaded to relinquish the self-indulgent habits of a lifetime and submit to a major operation.

As Montreal now spreads to the island's boundaries and beyond, hundreds of thousands of citizens have to travel miles every day in order to get to their work. To large numbers of these, Mount Royal, crouching squarely in the middle of the island, is a massif which must either be crossed or taken on the flanks. Those who cross it depend on a single road, Cote des Neiges, and those who turn its flanks add their pressure to the already strained arteries running east and west.

Mount Royal squeezes downtown Montreal between its foot and the river. The lateral streets between the mountain and the river are too few and too narrow—Pine Avenue, Sherbrooke Street, Ste. Catherine, Dorchester, St. Antoine, St. James, Craig and Notre Dame, with a few dockside streets in the old section and an express highway leading around the island from Dorval and pumping still more traffic into the already crowded valves of the city's heart, where thromboses occur several times a day.

If nature has created Montreal with a tendency toward arteriosclerosis, her own living habits have enormously aggravated the malady.

The people who grew up in Montreal, and whose influence on the city is still great, will believe in *laissez faire* until they die. This belief, like their own unchanging habits, is part of their charm. Seldom do they trouble to vote in a civic election, nor are they perturbed when people tell them their city is ill-managed. When was it not? Their ancestors drove to work in carriages and they see no reason why they should not drive to work or do errands in their own cars and park them where they like. Tens of thousands copy their example. Only a few years ago, perhaps even now, a dowager paid her bills in person in the Ste. Catherine Street stores for no better reason than that her mother had done so before her. She would order her chauffeur to drive to Ogilvy's and wait till she came out again. Then she would drive a block down the street to Dionne's, then to Burton's and finally to Simpson's and Morgan's. If her chauffeur was forced to move from the curb by a policeman—and frequently he wasn't—he added to the congestion by driving his car around the block until his mistress appeared.

The Montreal police department has been conditioned for years to regard traffic violations as the most venial of sins, for which the penance is seldom more than two dollars regardless of the number of offences committed. To simplify life for the sinner, he is permitted to pay by cheques sent through the mail. As a result, hardened violators have worked out the percentages to a nicety. The chances of getting a ticket for illegal parking are no higher than one in ten unless you leave your car standing in front of a fire station or a bus stop, or on Sherbrooke, St. James or Ste. Catherine during the rush hours. Obviously it is cheaper to pay a single traffic fine by cheque than to pick up ten different taxis.

AND THEN there are the trams—surely the slowest, clumsiest and most over-crowded in Canada—hogging the center of every important avenue south of the mountain except Pine and the section of Sherbrooke east of Atwater. The men who drive to work point out that in doing so they are actually helping the traffic problem, since their extra numbers could not be squeezed into tram-space which is already crammed. More trams, they say, would only make more trouble. And so they would, as the present system works. The sight of any number of street cars—fifteen is not too large — all but touching each other, with hundreds of taxis, trucks and private cars stalled and hooting their horns in a frenzy to pass them, is a common one on narrow old thoroughfares both morning and night. God help the aged and infirm who must stand in those Montreal trams while they jerk and stagger from stop to stop.

This summer, a simple event in the routine of any city finally revealed how desperate was the plight of Montreal. A section of an avenue had to be closed for the day while hurried

repairs were made to its over-worked pavement. The avenue happened to be Pine, and with its loss the transverse streets leading from it became throttled as the vehicles tried to pour into Sherbrooke Street one layer below. For hours this vital part of the city was paralyzed like a patient struck with apoplexy, since Sherbrooke is Montreal's spine. Although the international news on that day was really news and of import to us all, the chief story and related stories on the first three pages of the Montreal newspapers dealt with this paroxysm in Montreal itself. Every day since then the press has kept our attention on this worsening situation within our corporate body and the diagnoses of city-planners and tax-payers flood the letters-to-the-editor columns.

Could it be that Montreal is at last nearing the point where she will assent to whatever treatment the engineers prescribe and face a desperate situation with desperate remedies? Only time will tell, but there is no doubt that the remedies suggested are so desperate that a lot of us wonder if the patient can submit to them and survive.

The surgeons propose an east-west subway to take the load off the lateral arteries, and the thoughtless clamor for work on the subway to be commenced immediately. But stop a minute! If through-traffic became paralyzed when a small section of Pine Avenue was closed for a single day, what would happen to the city's business if one of our more vital avenues were torn up for several years?

Another suggestion verging on surgery is an elevated street resembling the Henry Hudson Parkway which runs the length of Manhattan along the North River. We have also been shown photographs of Seattle's new elevated throughways. But the photos show only the finished ramps and clover-leafs and the wide, usable roads. No photograph, and no expert, has shown us how we can continue to live between the mountain and the river while the anaesthetics and transfusion are administered, while the scalpels do their work and the sutures are made. Twenty years ago the city was still young enough to have survived such an operation. But now?

Still another proposal is a monorail which would convey a kind of tram swiftly and silently overhead, suspended from a steel cable hung from pylons. Such monorails have been used with success in German cities. But did the German cities have a mountain in their centres?

In the heat of this glorious summer, while the doctors consult and the patient suffers from palpitations and headaches every day, some of us recall the grim warning of the famous town-planner, Lewis Mumford. Every attempt ever made to relieve traffic congestion by increasing the arteries of surface communication only makes the plight of the city worse, for the new avenues entice still more vehicles, which in turn hasten the inevitable thrombosis in the city's heart.

HUGH MACLENNAN

•

Two Soldiers, Sicily, 1943

I never knew you, brother and my brother,
But saw you die.
Ten years are run,
The hot winds cooled and cooled again, and harvests done,
Since you last saw that blue and raging alien sky
And yielded in your youth to rest.

Below the snows of Etna there are winter flowers.
Not those nor summer brilliance are for you.
Your wreaths our prayers, afar,
That you lie lightly on earth's breast,
Whose sons you are,
While we tread out our anxious hours.

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It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Sports

Welcome Home, Your Majesty

IT IS PLEASANT to contemplate the fact that Francis "King" Clancy is returning to the National Hockey League this autumn in the capacity of Coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Clancy's presence will enliven proceedings in the NHL.

An extremely astute hockey magnate once told your correspondent: "If I had my choice of only one man around whom to build a team, I'd take Clancy. I don't mean that Clancy is the *best* hockey player in the world, but he has the fire, the competitive spirit, the humor and the imagination to make his team-mates believe that they are great players."

Conn Smythe had much the same thought more than 20 years ago when he persuaded the disenchanted owners of the Ottawa Senators to part with Clancy for approximately $50,000, a sum which, in those days, would have bought the nucleus of a top professional hockey team.

In retrospect, Smythe *was* buying the nucleus of a top professional hockey team. Those sporting critics who decry Smythe often overlook the fact that, in the space of a half-dozen years, he put together two of the best hockey clubs ever to wear skates.

In the first place, Smythe had been authorized by Madison Square Gardens to assemble a team to represent the New York Rangers. He collected Bill Cook and Bun Cook from Saskatoon of the Western Canada League and he signed Frank Boucher, who had been playing for Vancouver. He reached into the American Hockey Association for two defencemen, Ching Johnson and Taffy Abel, who had been playing for the Minneapolis Millers. He picked up Art Somers and Murray Murdoch from Winnipeg.

The present generation of hockey fanatics often ignores the fact that Smythe was responsible for gathering the Rangers. Smythe was fired before the Rangers got into competition and Lester Patrick took charge. Patrick, who was an extremely fine hockey coach and a much better diplomat than Smythe, went on to take the bows as the Rangers won championships with the team which Smythe had assembled.

Undaunted (to coin a phrase), Smythe went on to form a syndicate which purchased the shabby Toronto NHL franchise, built the Maple Leaf Gardens and laid the foundations of a team which, through two decades, has been the most successful playing organization in professional hockey.

The Toronto team never really clicked until Smythe bought Clancy. There was something about the lantern-jawed little Irishman that made the Leafs the most-colorful and most feared team in the league. Smythe had gathered together a very fine club but Clancy was the binding element—the dominating spirit of the team.

The strange thing about it was that, for all his aggressiveness, Clancy never can be accused of having won a fight. He yelped the Maple Leafs into many a Donnybrook, but The King invariably was the gentleman who wore a piece of beefsteak over his eye the next day.

It is recorded that, during an epic brawl with the Montreal Maroons, Charlie Conacher and Harvey Jackson of the Leafs noticed The King embroiled in a losing wrestling match with Alan Shields of the Maroons. Chuckling indulgently, the two hulking youngsters moved into the fray, pinned Shields to the ice and placed Clancy atop him. Pleased with themselves, they skated back to the bench to avoid penalties for being embroiled in the fight.

As they were stepping from the ice, Jackson tapped Conacher on the back and said sorrowfully: "Don't look now—but guess who's on the bottom again?"

There was another Maroon-Maple Leaf affray in which Clancy was trading punches, rather ineffectually, with his old friend, Nelson Stewart.

Stewart threw a vicious punch at Clancy, missed and his ungloved fist hit the side-boards. Stewart howled in pain.

"What's the matter, Nels?" asked The King, obviously concerned.

"I've dislocated my thumb," said Stewart, extending the injured member.

Clancy took a profound look at the dislocated thumb, yanked it back into place and immediately clobbered the aggrieved Stewart on the jaw. Clancy escaped death only because, chuckling happily, he out-skated and out-ran Stewart to the Toronto dressing room.

THERE ARE, of course, other famous Clancy stories such as that which concerns the Stanley Cup playoff in which they were trailing Boston Bruins in the second game of a two-game total-score series. The Leafs appeared to be beaten, hopelessly, until Referee Odie Cleghorn gave a minor penalty to Eddie Shore, the strongman of the Bruins.

Shore was skating about muttering to himself, when Clancy skated up to him. "That was a cheesy penalty," said Clancy. "Don't let the bum get away with a thing like that."

Such charming solicitude from an opponent added to Shore's righteous indignation. He whirled and shot the puck at the referee.

Shore spent the remainder of the period in the penalty box, chewing his hockey stick to chips, and, while he was thus inactive, the Maple Leafs went on to win the series.

Clancy provided that rather astonishing example of an athlete who eclipsed the reputation of a famous and athletic father. Clancy *Père* was the sportive hero of his own day and, even today, his career is a legend around Ottawa. Probably apocryphally, it is maintained by his supporters that he kicked footballs out of the park and he hit baseballs that soared into space and still are travelling through the stratosphere.

It was paradoxical that, after his somewhat stormy record as a player, Clancy should become a National Hockey League referee. Not only did he become the NHL referee-in-chief but, for your correspondent's money, he became the best of all referees. He skated swiftly enough to keep up with the puck; he gave his decisions with absolute impartiality and, because of his recollections of his own malfeasances during his playing career, he was able to detect minor bits of mopery and gawk which escaped the eye of other officials.

In all the years we have known him, we have seen him sincerely indignant only once. He was maddened, almost beyond reason when, during a particularly frantic Stanley Cup Series, which he referee-ed and which involved the Montreal Canadiens and the Toronto Maple Leafs, a Montreal sports editor published an old picture of him wearing a Maple Leaf uniform and, underneath the picture, he printed the words: "When is Clancy going to take off this sweater?"

When they met, a few days later, Clancy grabbed the sports editor and threatened to stick his head down one of the plumbing appliances. Now that Clancy has quit the officiating profession and has become a coach, he and the sports editor are good friends.

Speaking of good friends—Clancy's friends are wondering aloud if he will get along with the demanding, autocratic and often irascible Conn Smythe.

The ebullient Smythe's last three coaches have been remarkable men who subjected themselves to him reluctantly but admiringly. The first of this trio—Dick Irvin—finally became engagingly extroverted after he escaped to the Montreal Canadiens. The next—Happy Day—who, probably, was the most even-tempered man ever to handle a professional hockey team, remains with the Smythe organization as assistant general manager. The third—Joe Primeau—really wished to quit hockey and return to his profitable cement-block business a year ago, but Smythe employed all his persuasiveness to have him remain during the last disastrous season.

Personally, we don't think that Clancy will have too much trouble with Smythe, whom he admires greatly. After all, in his years as Referee-in-Chief of the NHL, Clancy put up with the mad-eyed operators of six teams. It is said that one evening, one of these gentlemen stormed into the officials' room between periods to complain about the manner in which Clancy was assessing the penalties.

"Lissen," said Clancy, spitting on the floor, "you're runnin' that club but I'm runnin' this game—now, get the hell out of here."

The gentleman left without another word.

JIM COLEMAN

Books

The Dandy in the Stalls

FOR SOME YEARS I have treasured a limited edition of Max Beerbohm's works which was issued in 1924; one of my principal reasons for cherishing these nine volumes was that two of them contained his theatre criticisms, as they appeared in the *Saturday Review* between 1898 and 1910. Not only is Beerbohm's criticism good in itself, but it covers a period in the history of the London theatre which is not otherwise very well described. And as theatre history is a hobby of mine I was happy to have these volumes which were not otherwise available. I gloated over them, rather contemptibly conscious that I was reading something which was by no means easily accessible to other people. Such is the petty spirit of the collector. But, as a critic, I rejoice that Beerbohm's criticism, called *Around Theatres,* has been brought out in a handsome single volume, and now everyone can have it.

It seems to me that I hear voices saying, "I don't want it; I am not much concerned with the theatre, and I don't want to read about performances which happened before the First Great War." Now just a minute, my dear sir; will you give me your attention for a moment longer?

I think that you do want to read Max Beerbohm's criticism, because it is very good criticism indeed, and good criticism must first of all be good writing. Good criticism has a life of its own, apart from the performance, or the picture, or the music which brought it to being in the first place. This is something about criticism which is not understood by a sufficient number of people.

The first and most important thing about criticism is that it should be readable. It does not matter if it is the most informed work of the ablest scholar in the world, if the style is muddy and the expression tedious and repellent. A criticism of a play, or a book or a piece of music is, primarily, something to be read, and it must give satisfaction to the reader. The next important thing is that it should be written by a person of intelligence, possessing an informed and cultivated taste. But this qualification comes second: the world is full of informed and intelligent people who can't write for sour apples.

There have been instances in which men who could write, but whose taste was commonplace, made considerable reputations as critics. The late Robert Benchley was one. Discretion forbids me from naming others who are living, but the reader will be able to repair this omission from his own experience. On a lower level are the smart-alec critics, whose writings are exploitations of their own personalities. But the critics whose work lives and has value long after the occasion for it is forgotten are distinguished writers who know what they are talking about. In the realm of theatre criticism the names of Hazlitt, Lewes, Shaw, Beerbohm and Agate spring at once to mind. If you like good writing, you are interested in what they have written, even though your enthusiasm for the theatre may be limited.

Do I still hear a murmur? Do I hear the word "journalism"? Very well. Much of this criticism is journalism, in the sense that it is written to be published in newspapers and periodicals. What about it? Who are journalists? Steele, Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Leigh Hunt, Bernard Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell—all journalists. If you are too haughty and too concerned with the Eternal Verities to read journalism, my dear sir, how very limited your reading must be! Don't let me disturb you for a moment. Do continue your perusal of Herodotus at once, and do not, by any mishap, fall into the error of reading anything by that admirable journalist, Paul the Apostle.

IN HIS theatre criticism, much of Beerbohm's best writing is to be found. I think I may say this, because he is one of the few writers whose published work I know in its entirety. I am not one of his worshippers, to whom every word from his pen is precious. I find many of his early essays almost intolerably affected, silly and marred by an assumed world-weariness. But one is conscious that Beerbohm, even at his worst, is a man of unusually keen and collected intelligence. Hiding under the disguise of an elegant trifler is a brilliant man, whom nobody is able to deceive. And, cock his top-hat and adjust his cravat as he will, Beerbohm can never wholly sink the man of intellect in the dandy.

By the time he began to write theatre criticism, at the age of twenty-six, Beerbohm had learned how to curb the rococo extravagances of his earlier style. He retained all the wit, all the grace, but he got rid of the nonsense. His fondness for unusual words and words of special flavor remained with him, as it has done to this day. He frequently refers to actors as "mimes". This is an important clue to his attitude toward the theatre. "Mime" is a permissible word for "actor", but one uses it as one might say that a man has "passed over" when one means that he is dead; it is a mildly humorous and derisive word. Beerbohm's attitude towards the theatre is humorous and mildly derisive.

Not cheaply derisive, of course. There is never anything cheap about Beerbohm. Nor is he uproarious and exuberant in condemnation, as his predecessor on the *Saturday Review,*

The Strange Case of the Hidden Rabbit and the Allergic Prince . . .

At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, the story is told about an Oriental Prince who visited this famous medical center. Warned in advance that the Prince was allergic to rabbits, the tour was carefully planned to avoid all rooms in which the animals were kept.

Someone, however, doubted that exposure to rabbits could possibly be harmful to the Prince. So, one of the animals was hidden in a room through which the tour was to go. Amazingly enough, upon entering that room, the Prince had a violent allergic attack!

How does medical science explain this strange disorder known as allergy?

Doctors say that an allergy is not a disease, but a heightened *sensitivity* to certain substances—pollens, dusts, animal danders, cotton fillings, foods and drugs—to name a few. The allergic person simply cannot tolerate such substances. When they are breathed, eaten, touched or otherwise encountered, they set up a reaction which may appear as a skin eruption, a digestive upset, headache—and, most commonly, asthma or hay fever.

Great advances have been made in relieving not only hay fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today, for instance, there are ways of identifying the most obscure causes of allergy and, in many cases, of immunizing the victim against the offending substance.

This is done by giving repeated, gradual doses of the allergy-producer. Such treatment—*if continued as long as the doctor recommends*—may greatly, if not completely, relieve allergic symptoms in 85 percent of the cases. Some persons, of course, are permanently relieved simply by avoiding contact with things known to be the source of their trouble—a cotton-stuffed pillow, a dog or a cat.

Though allergic disorders are rarely fatal, doctors consider them serious. This is because the symptoms are distressing, and, in severe cases, may cause such discomfort that work, sleep, appetite and recreation are interfered with. As a result, both physical and mental health may suffer.

Prompt and proper treatment—and continued cooperation between patient and physician—are the keys to successful control of any severe allergy. This is because so many factors are involved—including precise diagnostic studies, drugs for immediate relief, and the influence of the patient's emotions upon the onset and severity of allergic symptoms.

Although there is as yet no "sure cure" for the various types of allergies, patients who carefully follow their doctor's advice can often be greatly helped.

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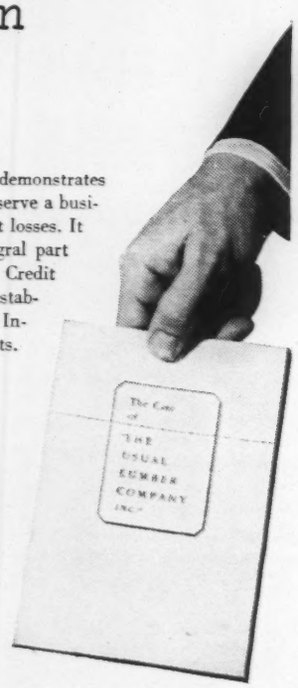

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Bernard Shaw, had been. But he can scalp an actor as neatly as any critic who has ever lived. My complaint about him is that he does his scalping beautifully, but that he is stingy with praise. I like a critic to be capable of great condemnatory power, and also of great commendatory power, like Shaw; Beerbohm cannot abandon himself to enjoyment in a theatre. But then, as he confesses in his first critical article, he is not fond of the theatre.

This lack of enthusiasm gave his work some of its special value. He refused to join the "unisonant dithyramb" in praise of Eleonora Duse; admitting her great abilities, he saw her as an actress, rather than as a goddess. Himself the author of *Savonarola Brown* (quite the best parody of nineteenth century "verse drama" in our language) he was conscious of the hollowness of much playwriting that was admired in his day. He says things about Shaw which are still valid, though the Shaw tale is now told in full; he tells us, better than anyone else has done, why Henry James was a bad dramatist and a master-novelist. His short obituary essay on Henry Irving gives us more of the quality of Irving—the strange grandeur and terror of his stage personality—than the two-volume biographies of Brereton and Stoker. Again and again the quiet common sense and detachment of Beerbohm score over the enthusiasm of the other critics of his day.

Of course, they had not his quality as observers or writers. They were, in his own phrase, a fine body of men, like the Metropolitan Police. I have not re-read this fascinating book with a view to catching Beerbohm out in stupid judgments, but I cannot recall one. He is cold toward ballet, but what he writes about it makes excellent sense, even though the fevered balletomanes of our day will not like it. He is always the man of reason touched, but not unbalanced, by sympathy in what he has to say about the mimes.

Even for people who care little about the theatre, this book is important, for Beerbohm is one of the really important figures in the literature of the first half of this century. It is not his style, fine though that is, which makes his writing important, but the great intelligence and the calm vision of life which lies behind it. Beerbohm may well be remembered as a caricaturist when his fame as a writer has dimmed; but it is the same qualities of humorous perception and elegant perfection of line which make him an important and distinguished figure in both art and letters.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

AROUND THEATRES—by Max Beerbohm—pp. 579 and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$7.00.

In Brief

MALENKOV, STALIN'S SUCCESSOR—by Martin Ebon—pp. 284 indexed, pictures—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.50.

Malenkov is an obscure figure despite his position. The American Mr. Ebon had luck — owing to his perspicacity perhaps — in having begun to study Malenkov five years before Stalin's mantle fell partly on him. This biography, with its informed guesses on Malenkov's actual position and power in Russia today, is therefore as good a detailed picture of the man as Westerners can get at present. In saying this, one recalls the remark that there are no experts on Russia, merely varying degrees of ignorance. Mr. Ebon's style does not suggest profundity, nor is thoroughness implied by the book's timeliness and the fact that an appendix of quotations of Malenkov speeches and documents forms half of it.

ELIZABETH I AND HER PARLIAMENTS 1559-1581—by J. E. Neale—pp. 434 indexed and illustrated—*Clarke, Irwin*—$5.25.

The great Elizabethan historian, Professor Neale, of the University of London, focuses his narrative on the relations between Crown and Parliament. His plan is to complete the parliamentary history of Elizabeth's reign in a second volume. This is not a dry-as-dust study. Familiar sources are re-examined but much new dramatic source material is used, and the story is made largely from manuscripts of the period. Thus the daily life of the Elizabethan House of Commons is vividly reconstructed and its personalities re-created. So the book will appeal to more than scholars.

Professor Neale is able to show, through his brilliant detective work on State papers and contemporary journals, that the Elizabethan legislature resembled the Long Parliament far more closely than the Reformation Parliament. Her House of Commons was not packed, a subservient tool. It was often out of sympathy with Queen and Council. Elizabeth's stubborn, undeviating middle course of moderation and her sure judgment are illuminated.

PATROL—by Fred Majdalany—pp. 216—*Longmans, Green*—$2.00.

The fiction in this short novel of infantry patrol activity in the African desert in early 1943 is a thin disguise over taut personal experience. Every man who has ever been on a patrol, and every infantry lieutenant — an expendable humble class during the war—who has led such a patrol, will tingle to its reality. The fault of the novel is that it has more truth than fiction. Its literary artifices are rather amateurish, but truth will out and that is what makes the story good and strong. Infantry patrols ("Nothing to report; patrol activity," the communique said) were the daily fear of thousands of soldiers and of lieutenants like Fred Majdalany, M.C.; and they were about the worst battle experiences they had to suffer.

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN?—by Norman Cousins—pp. 318—*MacMillan*—$4.00.

The earnestness of this commentary on mankind's muddle today is apocalyptic, particularly as it is related with the brittle and breathless style which characterizes much good American journalistic prose. Who speaks for man? Mr. Cousins of course, one cannot help saying.

He speaks well and forcefully. His vivid writing and tumble of ideas are not window-dressing for shallowness

of thought on places and people as various as Bikini and Berlin, Nehru and Fritz Thyssen. Mr. Cousins is against trigger-happy Congressmen and atomic jitters; he is for intelligence and conscience. He holds with "world federalism," for the world's primary disease is "competitive and combustible nationalism." His personal philosophy has been touched by Gandhi — remarkable the American extensions Gandhi has had. A forceful report and analysis. Mr. Cousins chews well but one wonders about his ulcers.

THE AMAZING MR. DOOLITTLE—by Quentin Reynolds—pp. 313—*Saunders*—$5.00.

With an indubitable American air force hero as his subject, Quentin Reynold's practised hand is at its liveliest. This accurate yet panegyrical biography of Lieutenant-General James H. Doolittle of the Eighth Air Force adds salt to the American war record and folksy lustre to the name of the man whose engineering capacities and flight command record made him a great wartime American.

General Doolittle has witnessed and been part of the growth of United States air power since 1917. During the war he led the first air raid on Tokyo and created the first air raids on Berlin and Rome. On Christmas Eve, 1944, Doolittle sent off 2,056 bombers and 1,024 fighters, the largest single mission of the war.

Mr. Reynolds moves the biography along at a good clip, is chummy with first names and provides no index. The General is now a vice-president of Shell Oil.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917-1923, Volume Three—by E. H. Carr—pp. 614—*MacMillan*—$7.00.

With this volume Professor Carr's *magnum opus*, a history of Soviet Russia, reaches the end of what he calls with scholarly modesty "the first instalment." It is an exhaustive study of the foreign relations of Soviet Russia from 1917 to 1923, following the first two volumes of the history, which dealt with internal political and economic questions. Professor Carr, a British expert on both Russia and the British Commonwealth, is among the greatest of modern historians, for he combines German-American scholarly thoroughness in analytic research with speculative synthesis and literary skill in the finest British historical tradition. A book for specialists and all comprehensive libraries.

THIS IS SASKATCHEWAN—by Robert Moon—pp. 242 with index, photographs—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

In so far as can be determined by a reviewer who knows Saskatchewan only from the window of a transcontinental train—which, by Mr. Moon's admission, takes less than half a day to cross the province—the Saskatchewan volume of the "Ryerson Travel Library" tells all one could wish to know about that area. Travellers remember Saskatchewan for the mealtax on the train; it deserves a better memento, and Mr. Moon's comprehensive facts, topographical images and parochial gossip prove it and provide it affectionately. Except for one year in the army, Mr. Moon has lived all his life in Saskatchewan.

The Moose Jaw-Regina rivalry is tastily munched, and even politics get an airing. (The legislative building "claims the longest straight corridor in the British Commonwealth.") The book is better than a travelogue; it is good regional history.

MEMOIRS—by Franz Von Papen—pp. 630—*Ambassador Books*—$5.00.

Here is German history. Here is the German mind. Here is the German. Here is the whole sorry mess of stubbornness, perverted honesty, consumed greatness and German-damned Europe of the last half-century, with a good bit of world damnation thrown in, for Franz Von Papen has been around a long time and around a lot of places. Here, in his own words, are the reflections of the Great Fox and the lairs where his diplomatic and political career has taken him. Or they could be the recollections of the Great Sheep astray in many curious folds. Von Papen says he was taken in by Hitler. His autobiographic apologetics show that the tide of events took him in, thank God.

Aristocratic Franz Von Papen served his country as soldier, diplomat, special agent and Chancellor for 50 years, and for half the time since the war has been in jail. Democracy must quaver before this mentally agile authoritarian, whose government was precursory to Hitler. It did quaver, in two world wars. And yet democracy will not be abused, as Nuremberg and the denazification trials show. Patriotism is not an adequate principle. Von Papen was not unprincipled; the verdict against him was that he had too few principles.

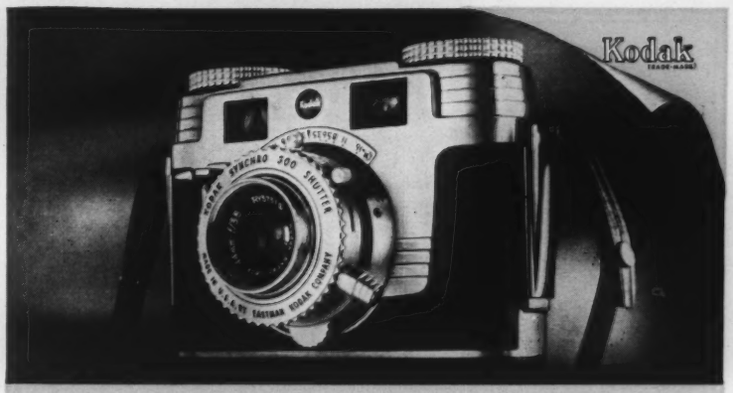
This account is perhaps second in importance only to Churchill's memoirs as a personal historical record of European politics in the last half-century, for Germany is central to them and Von Papen is the only great German survivor of the age to tell about them.

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN—by Bascom N. Timmons—pp. 344—*Clarke, Irwin*—$6.75.

Charles G. Dawes, whose name was given to the post-Great War plan for German reparations payments, knew fifteen Presidents, was ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Vice-President under Coolidge. He was a great American in his time but he outlived it. One recalls with surprise that he died only in 1951. His reputation went into eclipse with Coolidge, Hoover, Ramsay Macdonald and other suns of the ill-fated diplomatic and economic decades between the two wars. Dawes, financier, entrepreneur in diplomacy, and thoroughly American, deserves this detailed, lifelike and historically modulated biography.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS—by The Earl Jowitt—pp. 279 indexed—*Hodder & Stoughton*—$5.00.

The former Lord Chancellor of England examines the evidence and personalities of the second trial of Alger Hiss which resulted in his conviction for perjury. (The presumed acts of treachery were not themselves an issue because they had, by 1949-50, occurred too long ago and Hiss had



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the protection of the Statute of Limitations. He was tried for falsely denying under oath in 1948 that he had so acted.) The detailed review of the celebrated case is itself interesting, for it is a "great human drama." Canadian readers will be most interested in it as a display of the British legal mind at work on a transcript of a case conducted under American jurisprudence.

Obviously Lord Jowitt would not have delved into the case had he not felt a shadow of doubt about Hiss's guilt. He endeavors, he says, to present an impartial picture of the two chief protagonists, Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, but in many phrases and mental directions his partiality for Hiss is apparent. He finds "massive and monumental lying," but does not decide whether it was Hiss or Chambers who was so lying.

MAURICE RAVEL—by Victor I. Seroff—pp. 279 illustrated—with appendix, bibliography and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.75.

The inexorable crescendo of his *Bolero* is world-famous, his "scandalous" compositions were attacked repeatedly by the critics, he caused three *affaires* that set Paris on its musical ear, yet Maurice Ravel emerges as a quiet, gentle figure in this first biography to appear in English. He was a man without passion, but the artistic world in which he moved—the world of Debussy, Diaghilev, Stravinsky, "Les Apaches"—was one of turbulence, and Victor Seroff has drawn the diminutive dandy against its ferment.

Ravel's story has the quality of sadness; no sooner does success come than it is *poco a poco diminuendo*.

The book is a detailed account of the composer's forbears, friends, maladies, working habits, pastimes, theories. Musicians should like it; much of the music talk is a little special for the general reader. T. J. A.

VIEW FROM THE AIR—by Hugh Fosburgh—pp. 295—*Saunders*—$4.50.

This realistic novel about a U.S. Air Force bomber crew, in training and over the Pacific, is the veritable stuff of war-time and humanity caught in it. Gibson, the pilot, Homer Lovely his 2 i/c, Mike the bombardier, and all the minor characters are flesh and blood, and bear the pain of finite hearts.

The novel is so true to human nature and to situations drab or heroic that a reader is suspended in the experience of these men. He thrills as they make a crippled flight over the target and to the base in *Upstairs Maid*, groping with nightmare. The vernacular is lean and good. There is no unctuous salad dressing of Americanism. Mr. Fosburgh's first novel, *The Hunter*, is proof of the quality, excitement and humor of this story. R. M. T.

•

Ralph Magelssen, star of Theatre Under the Stars, has definite ideas about his women, and in between engagements makes experiments in his New York apartment with recipes picked up on his travels.—*Vancouver News Herald.*

Hey Ralph, what's cooking?

Chess Problem

CONTINUING our consideration of the half-in, interference unpin, cross-check theme, we deal with the other two 'Good Companions' examples. The one by the Australian composer, Heydon, on diagram, appeared three months prior to Ellerman's No. 25. While the key is not thematic, it is perhaps the most puzzling. The layout smacks of the pioneer example by K. A. K. Larsen of Denmark, and introduces a second half-pin cross check.

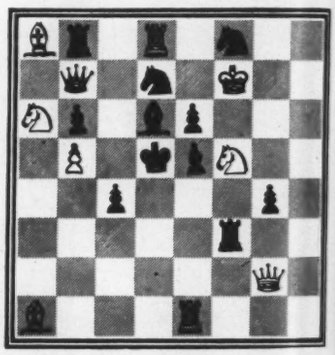
The Larsen version is:

White: K on QKt4; Q on KB7; Rs on QR4 and K2; Bs on QKt1 and KKt3; Kts on Q5 and K1; P on KKt4. Black: K on K5; Q on K6; Rs on QB7 and KR4; B on KR8; Kts on QB5 and KR7; Ps on QR6, QKt4, QKt7, Q5, K2, KR3 and KR5. Mate in two.

The theme variation is 1.K-B5, Kt-K4ch; 2.Kt-QB3 mate. Here the black Kt operates the interference unpin by masking the R at KR4. There is a second unpin variation with enriching effect, P-K4, defeating the threat 2.Q-B4 mate and permitting 2.Kt-B6 mate. Two other half-pin checks, by other moves of the QKt and P-Q6, are followed by capture mates.

Problem No. 26, by J. K. Heydon.

Black — Twelve pieces.



White — Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Solution of Problem No. 25.

Key-move 1.R-Kt4, threatening 2.Q-B7 mate. If Q-R7ch; 2.Kt-Kt3 mate. If Q-Kt7ch; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If QxKtch; 2.RxQ mate. If BxKt; 2.Q-xQ mate. If B else; 2.Kt-K2 mate. If Kt-K1; 2.Kt-R5 mate.

The key-move shuts off a set cross-check and opens up another. If 1.R-QR4, White would have no answer to either Q-R4ch or Q-R7ch,as the key rook would be attacked. B-B7 or Kt8 furnishes the other half-pin variation to make the half-pin play complete. The reply, 2.Kt-K7 mate, would not answer after BxKt. The play is very accurate and the construction economical.

Alain White has a striking key to this light half-pinner:

White: K on KR8; Q on KB6; R on Q8; Bs on QKt3 and Q2; Kt on KB4; P on QB2. Black: K on Q8; Q on QKt8; B on QB8. Mate in two. Key 1.Q-R1.

"CENTAUR."

Business

Exchanging Sterling For Dollars

By MARVIN GELBER

THAT CANADA SHOULD accept sterling in payment is a proposal that has again been given prominence by the advocacy of Social Credit leader Solon Low. The argument runs that Britain and the other members of the sterling bloc are hampered in their programs of economic recovery by a lack of sufficient dollars to meet urgent needs and that by taking sterling for payment instead of insisting on dollars, Canada could help substantially.

This facile solution of a problem of great seriousness does not take into account all the difficulties. If the people of Canada are being asked to subsidize the economic systems of the sterling area, then the proposal should be stated in just these terms. It may be that Mr. Low and other advocates have such a plan in mind and that it will find sympathetic response in political and military terms. But what it would do to the economic patterns of the Canadian people and their standard of living should be understood. Fully aware of the price it is being asked to pay, the electorate might decide on such a venture, but it would be misleading to suggest that the program would be easy or of small consequence at home and abroad.

Despite the many and serious economic difficulties which Britain has faced in this post war period, sterling remains a currency of great international importance with a large proportion of the world's payments transacted in it. We have come to think of sterling as "soft" currency but for some countries it too is considered "hard." Britain has been not only a borrower, but also a lender in the past few years.

With the recent fall of commodity prices, the terms of trade have turned in favor of Britain and the lack of balance in her payments is now less pronounced. In the middle 1930's a similar boon to the British economy was found in low wholesale prices for the things Britain bought for processing and consumption. These were years of economic recovery, although her problem of unemployment remained large.

The seriousness of the proposal of Mr. Low and others who want Canada to accept sterling depends on the scope of their plan. The individual exporter cannot be asked to accept payment in sterling because his obligations to labor, suppliers and even to the Government for taxes are in Canadian dollars. It would therefore be necessary for the Bank of Canada or a similar agency to take over the sterling credits of Canadian exporters in exchange for Canadian dollars.

If it is proposed that Canadian authorities accept sterling freely for dollars then a veritable economic revolution would take place. An enormous inflation would ensue with a flight of capital to this country larger than anything in our history. The demand for Canadian goods would certainly go up but so would their prices and the standard of living of the Canadian people would decline more than proportionately. Capital values would rise similar to the South African experience when that country was considered a haven in the sterling area. Houses, of course, would increase in price and the value of pensions, savings and incomes not quickly sensitive to economic trends would be less. Our entire program of social welfare benefits would be diminished in real terms and so would that portion of our national debt payable in Canadian dollars.

It is conceivable that there might be some increase in production but this could only be fractional. The production of basic commodities cannot suddenly swell and there are only small pockets of unemployed who might be put to work.

If the free exchange of sterling for dollars is to be pursued by the Government then our U.S. dollar position would suddenly collapse. We are largely dependent on third countries like Britain to pay us in dollars for exports and we need these dollars to make up the deficit in our payments with the United States.

Not only would our purchase of consumer goods and capital goods from the United States have to be curtailed, but those industries that depend on supplies from south of the border would find their production radically impaired through a U.S. dollar hunger. This would more than offset any increase gained from the impetus of the inflationary spiral.

Hard currency investors would certainly not be encouraged by a program of free exchange of sterling for Canadian dollars and those large capital imports which in 1950 and 1951 wiped out our overall deficit in international payments would not be found at such a time. The shortage of United States dollars for important Canadian purposes would be very acute indeed. The advantages for United States investors of buying tangible assets in Canada with Canadian currency at a substantial discount would be lost by the large inflation of values created by the sterling purchasers.

WHAT GOOD would all this do to Britain and other sterling countries? Britain would sell more to Canada and would get some of her sterling back. Her people would consume more Canadian goods and to this extent her position would improve which is a matter of considerable importance. But the flight of capital would be a heavy price to pay.

Her own prices would rise to the extent that added sales in Canada can be a factor in certain British industries. Canadian business as well would suffer from the disadvantages of selling in other countries on the basis of the new inflated costs at home. But the entire world would feel the hurt that had been done to American producers. Excluded from much of their largest market, American manufacturers, who are notorious dumpers in foreign countries, would probably let Britain and other exporters feel the weight of their surpluses.

It might be that Mr. Low and some of the advocates of the policy of exchanging sterling for dollars have a more modest program in mind—to accept sterling in excess of the present payments made by sterling countries to us. This would mean, in part, that we had written down our chances of solving our own U.S. dollar problem through multilateral trade. It could very well be a contribution that we are prepared to make.

If the amount of sterling that we would be willing to accept even under this limited scheme were large, then we must expect it to have a considerable influence on the Canadian economy. Large shipments of goods would be made abroad by Canada and a corresponding import of goods would not be received. British exporters would still only be allowed to ship to Canada for dollars as the existing total payments would have to be realized before the scheme could operate. The value of the plan for Britain and the others would be vitiated if these pounds were used to pay for any British exports.

The Bank of Canada or some other official agent under the plan of limited acceptance of sterling would now hold a growing sterling balance. The Canadian exporters, receiving dollars, could only spend these on the existing goods and labor available since no new supplies would be gained through the scheme. The result would be inflationary with some but not necessarily all the results described above under conditions of free exchange.

Our position would deteriorate, but this might reasonably be a contribution which Canadians are prepared

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Sterling in Canadian Dollars

	High	Low	Average
1952	**$2.81**	**$2.6668**	**$2.7337**
Jan.	2.81	2.7806	2.7950
Feb.	2.80	2.7806	2.7837
March	2.8012	2.77	2.7856
April	2.7693	2.7431	2.7550
May	2.7687	2.7375	2.7556
June	2.7412	2.7075	2.7262
July	2.7225	2.6743	2.7031
Aug.	2.6968	2.6712	2.6806
Sept.	2.6743	2.6668	2.6712
Oct.	2.7081	2.6725	2.6937
Nov.	2.76	2.7043	2.7343
Dec.	2.7356	2.7043	2.7225
1953			
Jan.	2.7350	2.7218	2.73
Feb.	2.7750	2.7318	2.7550
March	2.7775	2.7550	2.7687
April	2.78	2.7556	2.7693
May	2.81	2.7787	2.7962
June	2.80	2.7962	2.7971
July	2.80	2.7856	2.7928

Source: Bank of Montreal

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COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

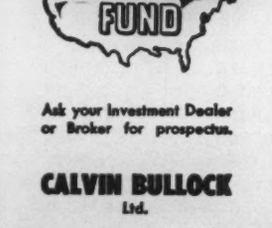
NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable September 15, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on August 14, 1953.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, July 27, 1953.



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East Malartic

"I HOLD *a considerable amount of MacLeod-Cockshutt. At the present time I can just about trade share for share with East Malartic. I am not especially interested in present dividend returns or market values but am holding for the future. Would it be good business to switch part of my holdings into East Malartic?—A. W. M., Port Arthur, Ont.*

Comparison of the two companies indicates that East Malartic is the more attractive company for long-term holding. While ore reserves are almost comparable in volume, with East Malartic showing 1,808,418 and MacLeod 1,518,239 tons, East Malartic's grade increased from $6.17 to $6.59 and MacLeod's declined from $6.59 to $5.85.

MacLeod faces a problem in developing new ore at depth; East Malartic, with a new ore body, where an average grade of $7.77 is indicated, does not. It appears that East Malartic holds more promise for the future.

Camsell River

"COULD YOU *give me any information on Camsell River Silver Mines?—M. B., Toronto.*

After work was suspended on the silver property in 1948, exploration was undertaken on a uranium prospect at Snare River. As no reports have been issued in the past few years, it must be assumed that the company is dormant.

International Petroleum

"I HAVE *some shares in International Petroleum. What are the possibilities of this stock advancing in price?—G. H. T., Oil Springs, Ont.*

The possibilities of a substantial advance seem limited at this time. With the present dividend of $1 providing a yield of 4.35%, the stock is not too attractive to investors seeking income. Since the high of 39⅜ was recorded in 1952, the stock has been under pressure and has recently sold at 22. The present dividend is almost half of the 1952 earnings of $2.23 per share, and the company is expending considerable sums in exploration and development work in Colombia and Peru; therefore it seems unlikely that an upward revision of the dividend will be made in the near future.

Analysis of the chart pattern indicates the downtrend could be extended to the 15-18 level. This would bring the stock in line with the total assets per share at 17.

Mic Mac Oils

"I BOUGHT *Mic Mac Oils at 63 cents last year. What do you think are the chances of a recovery in the price?—M. G. B., Edmonton.*

Mic Mac with interests in 9 producing wells and 490,000 acres is selling, at the present price of 22 cents about in line with the total assets of $706,607. Gross income of $97,218, which should improve this year, is sufficient to cover expenses and a net profit of $36,936 was reported last September.

With speculative activity absent from the oil market, marketing of the remaining 2.1 million shares in the treasury to reinforce working capital must await a revival of investor interest. Such a marketing effort appears necessary for a recovery.

Do-Mor Petroleums

"I AM HOLDING *a number of Do-Mor Petroleums Ltd. shares and would appreciate any information you can give me regarding the future prospects of this company and if you consider it advisable to retain these shares.—J. L. J., Vancouver.*

This is another small company with insufficient reserves, production or working capital to expand unless further funds can be obtained by the sale of treasury shares. At last report, the company had oil reserves of 197,150 barrels, cash of $513, and receivables of $86,647. Reinvestment of your funds in a larger company is recommended.

Dominion Steel & Coal

"WOULD YOU PLEASE *give a revised analysis of Dominion Steel and Coal?—H. N. S., Guelph.*

Dominion Steel and Coal Corp., better known as Dosco, is one of Canada's largest iron and steel producers. The plants have an annual capacity of 525,000 tons of pig iron and 720,000 tons of steel ingots.

Since the high of 23½ was marked in 1951, the stock has moved in a broad downtrend. This decline, which has erased nearly five points from the quotations since January, is a reflection of several unfavorable factors in the outlook for this company.

Although Canadian steel production reached an all-time monthly peak of 358,986 tons in May, Steel of Canada lifted to a new high of 32¼, while Dosco touched a new low of 11⅝.

Steel demand in the United States continues high although automobile production, which takes about 16 per cent of all steel produced, is a big question mark for this fall. Many observers, including Benjamin Fairless, Chairman of United States Steel Co., expect steel demand to slacken towards the year's end.

If auto production falls sharply, and there are signs of the market being saturated in the shutdowns caused by overproduction of some makes, sheet and bar producers will shift production into heavier items.

Dosco is mainly a producer of heavy items. Geographically it is in a poor position to compete in the central Canadian market against what promises to be an increasing flow of steel from the United States; Europe is

providing greater competition in the export market. It is probable that Dosco will feel the effect of such competition much more keenly than Algoma or Steel of Canada.

In addition, the 1952 balance sheet shows that several important ratios are badly out of line. Inventories increased from the $28,544,554 shown for the previous year to $34,215,400. Working capital dropped from $41,050,088 to $27,680,230. From the analyst's point of view, inventory which exceeds working capital is a danger sign. Comparison of the decline in net operating profits, from $17,187,722 to $12,468,522, with the inventory and working capital amplifies the warning.

The next item that commands attention is the amount of debt the company is carrying. The bank loan of $7,239,723, added to the funded debt of $19,062,300, makes a total of $26,302,023—not far below the working capital.

Due to the expansion program, which has brought fixed assets, after depreciation, to $58,157,975, it appears that the company may have to obtain additional financing, possibly in the form of a bond issue, to reinforce the working capital. The present tightness of the money markets could make this difficult.

This possibility, which apparently is realized in the markets, is a factor that is putting pressure on the stock. The present price of 11⅝, at which a yield of 8.6 per cent is available from the current dividend rate of $1, would also seem to be reflecting the possibility of the dividend being reduced. An increase in bond or loan interest, now shown at $783,725 and $159,490, would decrease net profits, which dropped from $5,453,832 in 1951 to $4,197,876 in 1952.

Finally, the problems of the coal operations would seem to be very difficult ones to solve. Dominion Coal Co., a subsidiary, reported a loss of $3,845,925 in 1952. The continuing trend towards the use of fuel oils in Central Canada, and the possibility that natural gas will become available as far east as Montreal within the next few years, indicate that the market for coal will get worse and not better.

All of these diverse factors are being reflected by the weakness in the stock. Analysis of the chart pattern indicates further selling could extend the decline to about 7.

Merrill Petroleums

I HOLD *some Merrill Petroleums that I received in exchange for Asher Oil. Would you consider it wise to purchase more at the present price of 3.00? What is the position of this company?—I. J., Toronto.*

Merrill is one of the more favorably situated of the junior oil companies. Oil reserves in Alberta are estimated to be in excess of 1 million barrels and 2,250,000 in the Illinois secondary recovery project. Working capital, as of May 30, was $2,750,000. Oil production for June was 17,769 barrels. This rate, on a yearly basis, would provide a gross production value of about $500,000. To this will be added the net income from the wholly owned subsidiary Cascade Drilling Co., which, with nine drilling rigs worth approximately $2 million, is expected to earn $375,000 for the balance of the year from June 1.

As of June, Merrill had interests in 25 producing wells and four capped gas wells in Alberta, and has interests in several wells now being drilled in association with Calvan, Scurry and others.

With sufficient working capital to continue aggressive exploration, income that should cover costs, and the stock selling close to an estimated value line of 2.80, it appears to be in a position where you could add to your holdings.

Lashburn Petroleums

I OWN *shares in Lashburn Petroleums Ltd. Is there any demand for them and what would you suggest doing with them?—H. A. F., Hampton, NB.*

Lashburn was taken over by Scarlet Oils, on the basis of one share of Scarlet for three Lashburn, late last year. At last report, Scarlet had interests in seven wells in the Maidstone area of Saskatchewan. The stock is presently offered at 60 cents without a bid. Selling is advised on the first opportunity.

Edoran Oil

PLEASE GIVE *me your opinion of Edoran Oil Corp. as a speculative buy, both on present price and future prospects.—E. G. B., Ottawa.*

With the bulk of its reserves of 1,628,160 barrels concentrated in heavy Lloydminster type oil, for which there is only a limited market, and the company depending upon the sale of optioned stock (800,000 shares were optioned last April on a scale from .75 to 1.50) to increase working capital, it does not appear to be an attractive speculation.

D'Eldona Mines

WOULD YOU *consider D'Eldona Mines Ltd. a good buy? What are the prospects of this company?—V. M., Port Colborne, Ont.*

D'Eldona is not considered a good buy. Production has been suspended at both the Rouyn and Bazooka properties for some time. Exploration so far on the Rouyn property has not developed any ore.

In Brief

I HAVE *some Home Oil, purchased at 13. Should I hold or sell?—F. Le P., Victoria.*

Hold.

Would you advise buying Gateway Oils on its present uranium prospects? —L. P. D., Cheticamp, NS.

No.

Should I sell my Canada Southern Oil at the present price of 9?—J. C. B., Toronto.

No. Hold for a recovery.

I am holding shares of Kamlac, now quoted at 13-15 cents. Are these worth holding?—S. M., Milton.

In our opinion, no.

A Balanced Investment Portfolio

Sound government and municipal debentures add strength and diversification to investment portfolios.

We, as principals, offer the following debentures to yield from 4.32% to 4.50%.

	Rate %	Maturity	*Price	Yield %
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Toronto	4¼	1966	98.53	4.40
Kingston	4	1963	97.19	4.35
Oak Bay, B.C.	4½	1963	100.00	4.50

*Prices are quoted "and accrued interest".

Circulars on the above issues will be forwarded upon request. Mail or telephone enquiries receive prompt attention.

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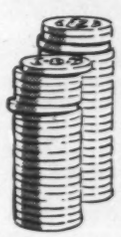

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Notice is hereby given that the Great American Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1420 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for
Canada.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the American Alliance Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1419 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the registers of transfers of the Company's Class "A" and Class "B" shares, maintained at the office of Montreal Trust Company in the City of Vancouver, and the branch registers of transfers of the Company's said shares, maintained at the offices of Montreal Trust Company in the Cities of Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, will be closed from Friday, 14th August, 1953, to Friday, 21st August, 1953, both inclusive.

DATED at Vancouver, British Columbia, this 30th day of July, 1953.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Ashley & Crippen

JAMES Y. MURDOCH: He had the deciding vote.

Who's Who in Business

SIXTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD James Young Murdoch is the active President of 22 companies, Director of perhaps a dozen others, a Queen's Counsel, a competent fisherman and an expert breeder of horses and cattle. Except for what he learned by close contact, he is not a mining expert. But it is through mining that his name has become internationally known.

Growing out of the New York Financial Syndicate, Noranda Mines Limited was incorporated as a Canadian company in 1922, with J. Y. Murdoch, a young Toronto lawyer who had represented the Syndicate's Canadian interests, as its first (temporary) President. When the company's option on the non-productive Horne Mine almost lapsed in 1923, it was J. Y. Murdoch's deciding vote that renewed the option; today the mine is the second largest producer of copper and gold in Canada.

When the mine, in a then remote part of Quebec, was brought into production, it was J. Y. Murdoch who was most persuasive in getting the Ontario Government to build a railroad to it. And it was he who saw no reason why so much rich, raw material should be exported when it could be processed here bringing increased employment and greater prosperity to Canada.

Today Noranda controls a string of subsidiary companies, including the Canada Wire & Cable Company, which not only mine gold and other minerals but refine and process them and finally sell the finished product here and abroad.

To achieve all this, Noranda's President has relied on optimism, an amazing capacity for work, and a genius for gathering around him skilled, devoted engineers and geologists.

He is a slender man whose grey hair is thinning and whose attitude is relaxed and friendly.

At least part of the secret of his success is his ability to make not only swift but correct decisions, and in this his record goes back 40 years. That was the time when he took a $2-a-week pay cut to join the Toronto law firm in which the New York Syndicate eventually noticed him.

Unlike many businessmen, Mr. Murdoch would also rate professional status at many of his recreational pursuits — at fishing, at breeding prize winning Clydesdale horses and Guernsey cattle on his 500-acre farm, at speed boat racing and at infrequent games of bridge and poker.

Even during the War the restless Canadian-born Scot took on three jobs at once. He was awarded the OBE for the work he did as YMCA War Service Committee Chairman, President of the Canadian War Services Front and a Director of Allied War Supplies Operations.

Married in 1917, James Young Murdoch has two sons, John 33 and James 25, and a daughter Helen, 35. All are married now, but occasionally bring seven grandchildren to the Murdoch's summer home in the Muskoka Lakes, four hours' drive from Toronto.

"For relaxation I like to read detective stories," Mr. Murdoch says. But the biggest mystery is how he manages to find the time.

JOHN WILCOCK

It's a MAN'S work...

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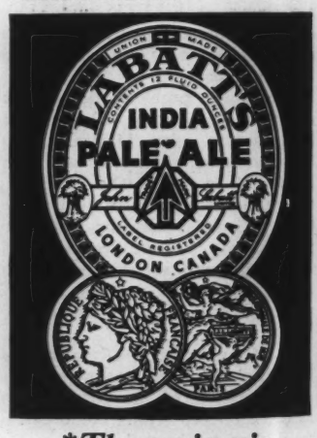
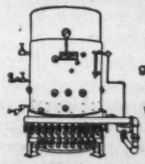
If you want a man's drink—brewed for men, without a thought for the ladies—then India Pale Ale is for you. You'll enjoy its old-time character... full-bodied, hearty flavour. Order Labatt's* I.P.A. next time. It's a man's drink and really *satisfying*. John Labatt Limited.



**The swing is definitely to LABATT'S*



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Exchanging Sterling

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

to make. The entire plan would only be significant if we are prepared to accept a large balance in sterling and the influence at home would be correspondingly felt.

The advocates of the limited scheme are in fact not suggesting anything very novel though they do make it sound complicated by talking of accepting sterling for our exports. What they are really proposing is that we make a loan to the sterling area so that countries such as Britain can increase their purchase of Canadian goods. This is a policy which has found considerable support among the people of Canada in the past and might well be accepted again. Dressing up the proposal may give it a better appearance, but it is a loan that is being placed on our national agenda.

Monetary problems certainly are a factor in our economic life, and monetary programs skilfully executed can increase our well-being by encouraging an increase in the use of productive resources. But devices of exchange are not a substitute for solving fundamental problems of the relationship of these resources, and the economic problems of all the world cannot be solved by exporting them.

•

Beating the Heat

IN SUMMER, the average man complains petulantly about the heat yet fails to realize that he himself contributes quite liberally to increasing the air temperature around him.

Even relaxed, he gives off about 115 watts of heat, and when he is engaged in some physical activity this output almost trebles (providing more than half the energy needed to toast a piece of bread).

It is worth considering, too, that 100 persons, in a room with a temperature of 75 degrees, will perspire five gallons per hour and that the average person can be quite comfortable with a room temperature as high as 85 degrees if the humidity is kept to 30 per cent.

Although Canadian summers are shorter than in lands further south, city temperatures can be just as hot, and here, as in the United States, the phrase, "It's not the heat but the humidity," is both trite and true.

All these and a dozen other reasons have helped to account for the phenomenal growth of the air conditioning industry, which was anticipating a record sales year even before sticky weather came along to persuade doubtful customers. Last year 341,000 room coolers were sold in the United States and this year's figure, the industry expects, will be nearer to 600,000.

One of the main persuasive factors in selling air conditioning units has been the development of a two-for-the-price-of-one unit which can provide a home or small commercial establishment with warm air in winter and cool "de-humidified" air in summer.

The installation of such equipment not only combats the antipathy to work which sets in on hot days but invariably results in increased business. The men who study these things have produced surveys proving that airconditioned premises have the same attraction for customers as a waterhole has for small boys. Specifically, the surveys record that the increase in business for such premises ranges from an understandable one-third more for beauty parlors to 10 per cent more in department stores.

Some industries, of course, find that a steady temperature and percentage of humidity is essential to the production of their products. The British Banknote Company in Ottawa prints bills which would be inclined to stretch or shrink, with consequent inaccuracies in printing, if the temperature varied. Nylon hose must also be woven in a consistently cool and dry atmosphere.

There are signs, too, that airconditioning units will one day be as much a household fixture as refrigerators are now. Mr. J. S. Keenan, General Manager of Canadian General Electric's Industrial Products division, which is one of Canada's main manufacturers of the units, summarized the position during a recent speech to the Canadian Electrical Association.

"The improvement in comfort which results from air conditioning of trains, department stores and theatres has 'mind-conditioned' a large segment of the public to the point where they now want a more comfortable atmosphere not only in their offices but in their homes," he said.

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This is the MemoRegister that retains the sum or result of each step in the calculation; the net result of the calculations appears automatically.

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"I took my problems to George Kingston, my Dominion Bank manager. He showed me how I could put the funds I had to better use and also lent me the extra money I needed.

"Now I've a modern profitable groceteria. The Dominion Bank helped me just as though they had worked behind my counter."

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Films

The Deadpan Heroes

SOME YEARS AGO, the convention of masculine impassivity hit the screen. Now almost all our screen heroes appear to be performing in the native tradition of the North American Indian. They are impassive and monosyllabic, they move across the screen with a wonderful animal grace and, as far as possible, they substitute grunts for human speech. Occasionally they flash their teeth in a smile and sometimes they lift an eyebrow—always one eyebrow, since the expression revealed by a single eyebrow is both more limited and more significant than any that could be conveyed by both.

No doubt the literary convention of understatement has something to do with this peculiar behavior. The favorite literary illustration for understatement is the iceberg, at least two-thirds of which is concealed below the surface. This sounds impressive until you stop to reflect that what is below the surface is just more iceberg.

The character actors and the specialists rarely employ the popular understatement approach. Fred Astaire's face, for instance, is as fluently expressive as his legs and often a good deal wittier than his lines. Gene Lockhart's round, engaging mug can express almost any shade of confusion, cunning, drollery, consternation or apoplectic wrath. The late Walter Huston had a face so filled with supple energy that it had only to flash on the screen to reveal everything the script-writer was laboriously trying to say, along with a few lively improvisations of its own.

But oh, the Alan Ladds, the George Rafts and John Waynes, the Robert Mitchums and Victor Matures and Robert Taylors! They might be kissing the heroine, ordering a drink, strangling the enemy barehanded or skipping stones across a pond; their faces tell us nothing, but remain as rigid and immovable as a wooden door marked "Public Not Admitted" — though the public, having bought its ticket, has at least some right to know what is going on inside.

There are two deadpan heroes in *Ride Vaquero*. One is Howard Keel, a Mexican rancher, and the other Robert Taylor, a soldier of fortune temporarily attached to a Mexican bandit (Anthony Quinn). Presently Robert Taylor switches sides and joins up with Rancher Keel, who has a beautiful wife (Ava Gardner). He is now the house-guest of the rancher and his wife, and for a while the three circle about eyeing each other impassively. Presently Rancher Keel withdraws, Miss Gardner steps up to Mr. Taylor and kisses him and Mr. Taylor slaps her face. I don't know why he had to smack her face under the circumstances, unless it was because he was as much taken by surprise as the rest of us, and the smack was the reflex action of a man of ice, two-thirds submerged. It looked awfully silly, though.

There is any amount of riding, shooting and burning in *Ride Vaquero*, which still manages to be the dullest Western of the entire season. The one spot of liveliness throughout is supplied by Anthony Quinn, whose Mexican bandit is a fearsome blend of tiger and laughing hyena. He is also very much alive. The rest are as automatic in their reactions as their own pistols.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Summer, Autumn or Winter—come to Jamaica, romantic isle in the Caribbean where the temperature hovers around 78° all through the year.

In this land of tropical splendour, you'll bask under a warm sun in a pleasant holiday atmosphere. Here too, thrill to Jamaica's special vacation sports—swim, fish, golf or just relax on the soft, sand beaches. Tour exotic beauty spots; explore primitive native villages, enjoy the luxurious resort facilities of modern hotels. And remember—*rates which include meals and entertainment are lower than on the mainland.*

Plan now for the ideal holiday—vacation in Jamaica. For further details, see your travel agent, any airline or shipping office, or write to Jamaica Tourist Board, 47 Fraser Ave., Toronto.

NORMA SPRINGFORD, *of Montreal's Mountain Playhouse, one of two women producers in Canadian summer theatre.*

Gaby of Montreal

Women

MAUDE FRANCHOT, *the other woman producer, an American who runs the Niagara Falls (Ont.) Summer Theatre.*

Helen Merrill

Conversation Pieces:

MAGDA GABOR has a beautiful stage wardrobe with her on her summer theatre circuit. We saw a dozen or so costumes when we dropped backstage to meet her at the Niagara Falls Summer Theatre and were surprised that the glamorous Magda wears what she considers her most beguiling negligees and evening dresses on matinee days. "For men, it's not worth dressing," she explained. "I dress for other women." One negligee of sky blue French organza, with deep black Chantilly lace edging, was designed specially for her by Jacques Fath. She has another lovely negligee by Elizabeth Arden—blue net over chiffon, with cherry red velvet bows at the neckline and wrists. Her evening dresses were mostly by Ceil Chapman.

Getting ahead in their careers: Marlene Smith, of Niagara Falls, now has a solo part in an ice-show that opened recently in New York; Beverley Barkley and Marie Andrews, both of Vancouver and both in the chorus of Theatre Under the Stars, have been signed by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

A new idea in evening handbags: a tiny satin clutch with a detachable, narrow, matching shoulder strap. Now when you dance, you need not leave your bag on the table or clutch it to your partner's back.

Weddings: Patricia Agnew, of Kingston, daughter of Brigadier D. R. Agnew, Commandant's House, Royal Military College, to Lieut. Robin Porter Bourne, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery; Beth Gardiner, daughter of James G. Gardiner, Federal Minister of Agriculture, to John Henry Candlish, of Oxford Mills, Ont.; Michele Lambert, daughter of Fred Lambert, of Laval-sur-le-Lac, Que., to Pierre Gagnon, of Montreal, son of the Hon. Wilfred Gagnon, CBE.

Margaret Clay, of Victoria, was elected a Vice-President of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, at the annual meeting in Sweden. Miss Clay is a retired librarian.

A study of the eating habits of some 400 Toronto school children showed that they were fed plenty of good food but too much of the wrong kinds. Families bought expensive meat, but not nearly enough citrus fruits and whole grain cereals. "Families could actually have saved money," said Dr. E. W. Hendry, speaking for the Toronto Nutrition Council, "if they had used wisdom in the choice of food."

Did you know that "hussy" originally meant a housewife and had no other implication?

Sports round-up: Playing in torrential rains, Mrs. J. Dagenais, of Laval, sloshed around the Sherbrooke Country Club course, to retain her fourth Quebec women's golf championship. At the swimming meet in Winnipeg, Virginia Grant, of Toronto, won the women's junior 100-yard free-style, just 3 inches ahead of defending champion Gladys Priestley, of Montreal. Lenora Fisher, of Ocean Falls, BC, won the women's senior 100-yard backstroke.

Jean Dessès, Paris couturier, has been requested to design the wardrobe of Queen Frederika of Greece, for her state visit to Washington in October.

Simpson's (Toronto) has redecorated its House of Ideas, stressing arrangements for double-purpose living. The dining-room, for example, is planned as a general room. The square table has a fold-back top. Opened, it seats eight; closed, it is for writing or card games. A pair of commodes forms a sideboard, with the addition of a butch top, which, moved to one side, gives space on the commodes for buffet service.

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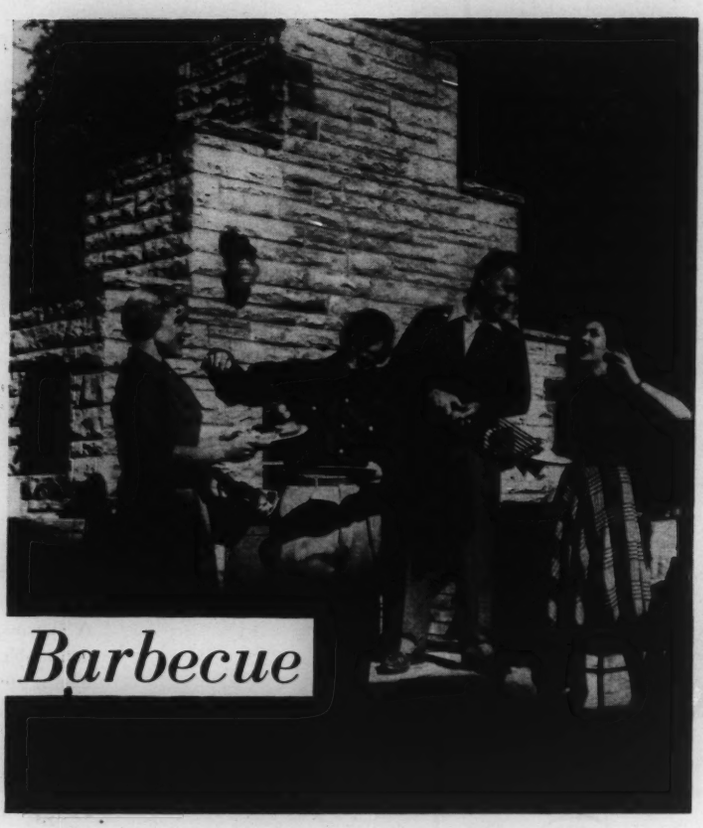

The Barbecue

CLOTHES *that go to barbecues: at left, apple green tweed skirt, with velvet piping, by Junior Vogue, Toronto. About $16.95, at Charm Shop, Toronto. Green wool jersey blouse, by Lady Anne Reg'd Sportswear, Toronto. About $15, at Julius Simon, Toronto.*

Men's outfits by Acme, of Montreal. Red wool windowpane shirt, about $7.95; wine patterned sweater, about $4.95.

Model at right, black and white tweed skirt, with oxford grey wool jersey blouse. Both from Sportrite, Toronto, and obtainable at Eaton's. Skirt, about $15; blouse, about $8.

Photo by Ken Bell, for the Wool Bureau

MANY people think of the outdoor barbecue in terms of steaks only. These suggestions may provide welcome variations.

We obtained a barbecued lobster recipe from Mrs. J. E. Ahern, wife of a former mayor of Halifax, a city whose cooks are famous for their skill with sea foods. Mrs. Ahern says it is her "pet" recipe, as it can be made over any type of heat—outdoor barbecue, kitchen stove or even over a sterno. Only the celery has to be cooked ahead.

Barbecued Lobster

Ingredients:

- About 1 pound lobster meat (fresh, frozen or canned)
- 2 cups diced celery (cooked)
- 2 tins mushroom soup
- 1 cup sherry
- Dash of garlic salt
- Dash of onion salt

Heat the mushroom soup in a fairly large container on the barbecue. Add the lobster (cut up in fairly large pieces), diced celery and seasoning. Just give it sufficient heat to make certain all ingredients are piping hot. When you are ready to serve, stir in a cup of sherry and heat thoroughly. Good on patty shells or melba toast. Serves 8.

Fresh or frozen peas and potato balls rolled in hot melted butter and garnished with parsley add color and zest when served along with the lobster.

Cole Slaw Salad Dressing

Joy McGillawee, of the Wool Bureau, Toronto, brought back a menu from the "clambake" arranged at the Bath and Tennis Club, Southampton, NY, for the fashion writers, after their hectic week of viewing the Fall and Winter fashions in New York City.

The meal started with steamed soft clams with broth and roasted clams; the main course included broiled chicken barbecue (with spiced crab apples) and boiled baby lobster. We thought you would be interested in the cole slaw salad which was served and have obtained the recipe for the dressing from Mary McMann, Manager and Dietitian for the Hotel Hampton Manor, Southampton.

Ingredients:

- ½ cup vinegar
- ¼ cup salad oil
- Small clove of garlic
- Small pat of butter
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. mustard
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 2 whole eggs
- 1 cup milk

First, boil the vinegar, oil, garlic and butter for about two minutes. Thoroughly mix the sugar, salt, mustard, flour, eggs and milk, and stir into the vinegar and oil mixture. Cook until thickened. Pour over the shredded cabbage that has been salted, and toss with a small grated onion and snipped fresh dill. A half cup of sour cream can be added, if desired, when the salad is tossed.

THREE PIECE *sports outfit: plaid boucle tweed skirt in pink tones, with matching stole and a pink jersey top. By Lou Larry, of Toronto. Obtainable at Simpson's, about $35.*

Barbecued Spare-ribs

Spare-ribs appear to be a favorite barbecue food and Mrs. W. H. Hull, of St. Catharines, Ont., likes them cooked right over the fire. She has her butcher cut them (at least 1 lb. per person) about 2" long, a good size for picking up in the fingers. Then she parboils them in the kitchen, sometimes a day ahead. At the barbecue itself, they are placed on the rack over the hot charcoal fire. This way the fat drips off and the ribs become crisp. While they are cooking, they are sprinkled with garlic salt, salt and pepper. As this is what Mrs. Hull calls a "finger meal," she serves, as a

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side course, little tomatoes, raw carrot strips, green onions and French bread sticks.

From Mrs. Eunice Wishart, formerly a member of the city council of Port Arthur, Ont., comes this recipe for barbecued spare-ribs, that can be made outdoors or at home.

Ingredients:

- 4 lbs. short spare-ribs
- 2 tbsp. chili
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tbsp. celery seed.
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 2 tins (10½ oz. size) tomato soup

Cut the spare-ribs into small pieces. Mix the chili, salt, celery seed and brown sugar. Rub the mixture on the pieces of meat. Brown on both sides under the broiler, using a little extra fat if necessary. Place in a large roasting pan. Cover with vinegar and the tomato soup. Cook very slowly for two hours, turning and basting frequently. Serves 6 to 8 people.

Spanish Spaghetti

While we were in Stratford, Ont., at the Shakespearean Festival, we dropped in at the home of Mrs. E. J. Dempsey, and obtained a spaghetti recipe that is just the thing for a barbecue or for home entertainment.

Ingredients:

- 1 10-oz. box spaghetti
- 6 large onions
- 3 large sweet green peppers
- 1 lb. lean veal
- 1 cup grated cheese
- ½ tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 2½ tsp. salt
- 3 large tins tomatoes
- Bacon dripping

Drop the spaghetti into a pot of salted boiling water and cook 20 minutes. Drain and rinse with cold water. Slice the onions and fry in the bacon fat until browned. Cut the peppers in pieces (discarding seeds and the insides). Mince the veal and then mix the mustard, salt and chili powder with the tomatoes. Liberally butter a large flat oval roasting pan and combine the ingredients in layers. Cover closely and bake very slowly for three hours. Can be made at home, set away a couple of days, then reheated thoroughly at outdoor barbecue. The recipe serves about 15.

• •

Get the Drift?

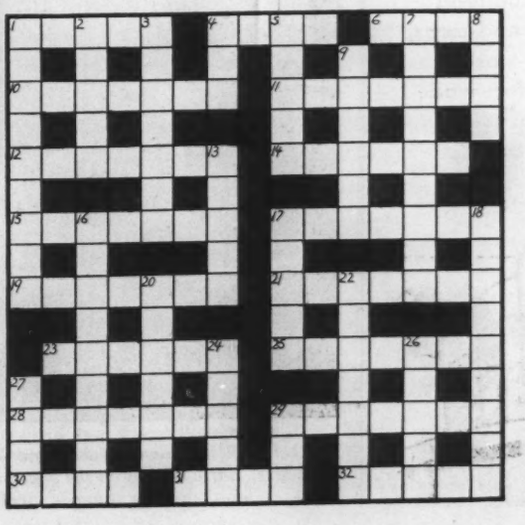
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. 4, 6, 2, 26. For these "Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence." (5,4,4,2,3,5)
10. Draw with charm? (7)
11. How the boys' trio sang! (7)
12. Opportunity offered the Israelites by the Red Sea. (7)
14. An across clue where the answer is down, strangely enough. (6)
15. 17. But for Senta, the Flying Dutchman certainly would have been one by now. (7, 7)
19. Listens, perhaps, to the main call. (7)
21. Useful, if you can stand reading. (7)
23. Give the girl weapons of Spanish design, to attack the male duck, perhaps. (6)
25. Agreement entered into it, and came out of it. (7)
28. It's the bunk providing this for a crew member. (7)
29. They bring visions of a grim sea. (7)
30. This might be the turn of the tide in the turn of the scale. (4)
31. Tars, though astray, are right on board? (4)
32. This he put back when excited. (3, 2)

DOWN

1. On which a journeyman may be expected to use his craft. (3. 6)
2. See 1 across.
3. Is it engaged in team-work on the briny? (7)
4. A rum child for the Navy! (3)
5. How Laughton took part in the "Mutiny on the Bounty"? (5)
7. Not quite all can owe this before it is due. (9)
8. And let there be no moaning at the bar if you can't get one! (4)
9. More or less changed if Rome pulls out. (6)
13. Unusual stage entrances. (5)
16. May have started the old king creating 15, 17 across. (9)
17, 29. The effect of a 1 down from France made Merle mad, perhaps. (3,2,3)
18. Do they never run down! (7-2)
20. Salt the mermaid's offspring? (6)
22. The tipsy char embraced the tar—as it's kind of cold. (7)
24. Both 12s and 13 will, if you're not going out. (5)
26. See 1 across.
27. A seaman and little Edward, rocked in the cradle of the deep? (4)
29. See 17 down.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 6
4. Anchorite
10. Flim-flam
11. Uneven
12. Lead
13. Concentric
14. Glass eye
16. Sprite
17. Scoops
19. Roundish
21. Breadcrumb
23. Dyes
24. See 27
25. Icecream
26. Lamenting
27, 24. Great dipper

DOWN

2. Oil-well
3. Nomad
5. Nominee
6, 1. House-count
7. Re-entered
8. T. S. Eliot
9. Plackets
15. Snow apple
16. Stumbled
18. Corsica
19. Reunion
20. Smetana
22. Corot
23. Durer

(274)

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Homes

SUMMER living tends to centre around a garden and a patio. Most ranch-style homes are not built with a patio in mind; they are usually designed in terms of the big picture window, bringing the garden right into the living-room. But a ranch-style house and a patio can be worked out to everyone's satisfaction.

Here is a cool and pleasant arrangement with which a Regina family meets the summer situation with an extra, open-air room.

The two photographs are views of the green-roofed, white frame home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ehrle. The patio looks out on a spacious lawn (not shown here), with a barbecue pit, and on a lovely garden trimmed with bright red geraniums, which, against the white picket fence and green lawn, add a dash of color. The patio is permanently screened in with copper screening, and has a glass roof.

The Ehrles are fond of having dinner in the patio, and so the furniture is of hollow steel and aluminum, easy to move to and from the garden. Color is also provided by the chairs, with their blue and red trim, as well as by the white and royal blue umbrella, part of the table that can be moved where needed.

The Ehrles are quiet people, who enjoy the comfort of living both indoors and out. They also enjoy the company of their grandchild, for whose entertainment there is a white rubber tire "Swimming Pool," as shown on the lawn.

The planning was by W. J. D. Hodgins, Interior Designer for Simpson's, Regina.

Heeman

TWO VIEWS of home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ehrle, Regina. In the top picture, Mrs. Ehrle relaxes on the lawn: above, is the screened-in patio, to which the summer furniture is easily moved.

Lighter Side

Some Summer Legends

WHATEVER BECAME of Caspar, the monster who early this summer terrorized the Ontario village of New Hamburg?

For a time Caspar drove the New Hamburg villagers indoors at sundown, with doors and windows barred. According to reports, he seems to have done little damage, beyond rolling in the local annual beds. Nevertheless, his reputation spread until it reached the metropolitan press and newspaper men hurried down for stories, photographs, and tape recordings in case Caspar should happen to be vocal.

Nothing happened, however. Monsters, which delight in eye witnesses, are notoriously shy of the camera and press. In the end, the newspapermen had to interview Police Chief George Thomas, who claimed to have seen Caspar and even to have taken a shot at him when he emerged from the nearby river on a moonless night. The constable missed and Caspar slid back into the Nith.

There the story ended—or had, at the time of writing. It is possible that by the time it reaches print, Caspar will have re-emerged from the Nith to give a statement to Police Chief Thomas and the press. Possible, but unlikely, for stories of this sort almost invariably vanish, just when reader interest is at its height.

What did Caspar look like? According to Police Chief Thomas, he was three feet long, had the appearance of a dragon, and left a trail an inch wide flanked by three-toed footprints. According to other and possibly less reliable reports, he was six feet long and hardly less alarming in looks than the Hound of the Baskervilles. Have the villagers of New Hamburg reconciled themselves to their odd visitor? Is Police Chief Thomas still waiting up for him nights, in a hammock slung across a corner of Main Street? It seems unlikely that the press will bother taking up these questions again, so we will simply be left wondering as usual, very much as soap opera addicts are left wondering when the sponsor arbitrarily cuts off the program.

All sorts of fascinating accounts of this sort keep turning up in the papers; but the end is invariably missing. There was, for instance, the story of the whale who fell in love with a submarine and trailed it for miles, carrying on as openly and unmistakably as Miss Marilyn Monroe in one of her looser roles. Then there was Bessie, the thousand-pound Shorthorn who fell into a well and was rescued by firemen, who filled the well with water and floated her to the surface. Did the whale abandon the affair with the submarine eventually and go off in search of some less exotic mate? Did Bessie recover from her experience, and does she stay away from wells? The press is as silent on these events as it is on the subject of Ogopogo, the sea-serpent with the horse's head who used to turn up in the summer press as regularly as the fall fashions.

Meanwhile, there is Leroy, the forty-pound "mad muskie" who, right in the middle of a federal election campaign, managed to take over more newspaper space, in at least one edition, than Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. George Drew put together.

Leroy isn't in the strict sense a monster. He doesn't invade the land on moonless nights and ruffle the petunia beds. He merely submerges a foot or two below the surface of Trout Lake, to lie there day after day, quietly hating the human race.

Leroy is, in fact, an eccentric, one of those fanciful creatures who turn up in the dog days and seem to have come directly off Walt Disney's drawing-board. His story reached the press some weeks ago, and by the time the newspaper and camera men arrived a whole legend had developed about him. It seems he has been turning up for years in the same spot, a shady hideaway under a Trout Lake dock. Other muskies head for deep water but Leroy prefers to keep close to shore. His vacation plans have been entirely built about a program of contempt for human beings. He can't be lured by bait and the fanciest kind of fishing tackle fails to interest him. He simply hangs there in a foot or two of water, taking his own private pleasure in making fools of all the local fishermen.

Leroy is fierce, proud, wily and hungry, a sort of minor league Moby Dick ready to take on any local Captain Ahab who comes along. Like Moby Dick, he has become a symbol of the fiercely desirable, the implacably pursued, the infinitely remote. He would sheer off a Captain Ahab's leg if it were possible, but since he is a small time operator he has to be content with snapping at careless toes. He managed to mangle the toe of a Mr. Cecil Tait, who got his picture in the paper as a result of the encounter. When prodded with a rowboat oar a little later, Leroy took a bite out of the oar, which also got its picture in the paper. There was no picture of Leroy.

This seems to be the story of Leroy to date. The chance that he will be caught appears to be slight. And if he is caught, the chance that you or I will ever hear about it is slighter still.

Meantime, I intend to go on believing in Leroy and in Caspar and even in Ogopogo, if only on the ground that if such phenomena didn't exist it would be necessary to invent them.

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The Backward Glance

15 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

WE DON'T KNOW where you were, or what you were doing in 1938, but as for us, we were setting out on a career as a retail businessman. Our business career only lasted three months, as it happened, but while it lasted we wore a necktie to work, talked like J. P. Morgan, toyed with the idea of joining Rotary, and spoke softly to our underlings while carrying a big stick with which to drive them to further effort.

Our downfall was that Achilles' heel of the unmarried male: women. We happened to be in the retail grocery business, and in order to steal the customers from the Dominion Store across the road, we gave credit. We were pretty fussy about allowing unlimited credit to men, but who were we to resist the charms of the distaff side? Our books may have looked as though Bloody Mary walked through them, but nobody can say that we didn't have a terrific turnover.

Because of our nostalgia for those halcyon days amid the sliced ham, brown sugar and soap flakes, we plan to devote this week's effort to a review of the Financial Section of SATURDAY NIGHT for Aug. 13, 1938.

Under Gold & Dross, FCN of Quebec asked, "Please give me all the information you can regarding Eldorado Gold Mines. What is the expansion program I have heard about? What about mine development, and what are the ore values?"

The Gold & Dross editor painted a rosy picture about the future of Eldorado, and ended his remarks with the understatement of 1938: "Research work is being carried out with a view to enlarging the field for uranium products in the future."

JCP of Toronto asked Gold & Dross whether he would be wise to sell his holdings in Walkerville Brewery Ltd. The net profit for this firm for the first six months of 1938 was only $7,637. During this period the firm had increased its sales 5 per cent, due mainly to an increase of 16 per cent in bottled beer sales. We don't know whether JCP sold out his stock or not, but the Walkerville Brewery is now part of the O'Keefe empire, an outfit that has made a few bucks for its investors over the past few years.

On the front page of the Financial Section was a cartoon titled "Submerged?" showing a pair of hands labelled Social Credit sticking up above a mountain of money emanating from a grain elevator labelled "300 million Bushel Wheat Crop". If the wheat crop was supposed to drown the Social Credit party, it failed miserably, although we wish something would, preferably the products of the Walkerville Brewery.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company had an ad with the catchline, "I'll retire on a pension . . . just like the President!" and it showed a guy with his shirt open, and wearing a peaked cap, standing before what looks to us like the punch-press department of a large factory. He's smiling, so the drawing must have been made either on pay night (punch-press operators were getting all of $18 a week in 1938) or in the morning. He's saying, "At 65 every one of us, from the president to the office boy, will retire on a pension, and what a load that takes off my mind!" But think of the bigger load that the President's pension will take off *his* mind!

Despite the fact that McCarthy might label us a dirty Red for saying it, we are tired of people who clatter on about being in their various businesses or professions because of an overwhelming urge "to be of service". Although these characters (both private and corporate) uphold the profit system, they treat the word "profit" with the same circumlocution that a Ladies' Aid treats the subject of sex.

An article by George Gilbert under Concerning Insurance, discussed dishonest claims, and in support of the contention that many claims against insurance companies are dishonest (to which we agree) gives the following short story. "In one case, a life insurance company received notice of the death of a prominent financial man, upon whom it was carrying a total, including double indemnity, of about $90,000. The death was reported as suicide.

"The claims department started an immediate investigation. There was the suggestion that the death was accidental, but the company investigator was able to ascertain that the insured had put up at a cheap hotel in a town in which he was well known, clearly to avoid detection; that he remained at the hotel over the week-end, but spent part of the time across the border in drinking and carousing. A doctor who was called into the hotel said that the insured had taken two grains of strychnine, and did not want the doctor to get him well. No information could be obtained from the person who was with the insured just prior to his death, as he (?) was plainly antagonistic to the insurance company.

"The insured was heavily involved financially, and the widow's lawyer made a claim for double indemnity. When the letter from the doctor was produced, and the fact of the financial difficulties of the insured was established, indicating the motive for suicide, the claim was settled without paying double indemnity."

Now, it's obvious to us that the wife was trying for the jackpot out of pique, and was not really dishonest at all. Here she was sitting at home with her needlepoint, while her husband was staying in a cheap hotel in a border town with a person or persons unknown (that is, unknown to the insurance investigator).

This poor fellow woke up at four o'clock one morning with the screaming meemies, noticed that he was sharing the bridal suite of a flophouse with someone who, to quote the article, "was plainly antagonistic to the insurance company," and also to publicity. He immediately tried to stare down Remorse, which was eyeing him blearily from the foot of the bed, and reached into his vest pocket for his strychnine tablets, which he had bought during a previous hangover.

He thought, "I can't face a week of nagging from my wife. I'll take the coward's way out, and leave her to collect my double indemnity and marry the chauffeur." And that is what he did.

But crime does not pay! The wife had to be satisfied with half the $90,000, and she couldn't afford to marry the chauffeur after all.

The moral of this little fable is: never call a doctor after you've taken strychnine, and remember that nobody has ever committed suicide in an expensive hotel.

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Travel

Maritimes Trip

CAN YOU *tell us whether there is a motor coach tour available to the Maritimes? We would like to see Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. How long would such a trip take and what is the estimated cost?—G. O'B., Toronto.*

You can visit one of Canada's finest sea shore resort areas by motor coach and enjoy the charm and color of the three Maritime Provinces. You can leave Toronto by Colonial Coach Lines to Montreal and join the International Coach Lines tour which visits St. John, Shediac, Moncton, Charlottetown, Wood Island and Pictou. This nine-day tour is $139.80. The rate includes hotel rooms and some, but not all, meals.

Virginia Honeymoon

WE ARE INTERESTED *in going to Virginia in September on our honeymoon. We should like to stay at a hotel where there is swimming and water sports and on our trip we want to visit Williamsburg.—P. R., Sarnia, Ont.*

The Tides Inn at Irvington, on the Rappahannock River near Chesapeake Bay, has a private beach, swimming pool, sailing, cruises on Chesapeake Bay, water skiing, golf, tennis and other sports. The hotel has parties for brides and grooms where they drink champagne from Dutch ceremonial cups. Added attractions are beach picnics, cruises and sightseeing tours to points of historical interest. Williamsburg is 50 miles away.

Weekly rates on the American plan for a double room with private bath range from $97 to $123 per person.

To Newfoundland

ARE THERE *any cruises to Newfoundland from Montreal?—T. C., Kingston, Ont.*

The Clarke Steamship Co. operates a 12-day Vagabond Cruise at regular intervals from Montreal to Corner Brook, Newfoundland, and usually calls at Dingwall, N.S. The fare is $148 plus Quebec meal tax.

Bermuda Vacation

MY HUSBAND'S *vacation does not come until November. We would like to go to an island resort and we want to take our four-year-old son with us. Do you know of any hotel that has a "sitter" service? Can you give us costs involved? We are interested in golf and fishing.—G. P., Fort William, Ont.*

The St. George Hotel in Bermuda has a trained supervisor who cares for children during the day, plans activities for them, sees that they get their lunch and dinner and a snack morning and afternoon. They have an indoor recreation room and outdoor playground. There is no extra charge for this. Sitters may be obtained at night for 50c an hour. The hotel's "family plan" rates start at $24 a day, modified American Plan, on the basis of a double room with twin beds, private bath, and a cot for your son.

The hotel has its own nine-hole golf course, and its guests are not required to pay green fees. Deep-sea fishing boats, with expert guides, rent for $50 a day.

Castle in Ireland

I HAVE HEARD *that one can stay in an Irish castle for a very low cost. Is this true and what are they like? — P. D., Winnipeg.*

A vacation in the luxurious atmosphere of a genuine Irish castle, such as Ashford Castle, County Mayo, the countryside in which the *Quiet Man* was filmed, costs as little as $36.00 per week all inclusive, or $4.20 per night for room and breakfast. Steeped in tradition, these castle hotels are one of the most popular ways of spending a vacation in Ireland. Fishing, sailing, swimming, golf and tennis are part of the hotel amenities. Ballynahinch Castle Hotel, County Galway, for example, a mecca for fishing men the world over, has luxury accommodation for as little as $27.00 per week, or $3.00 per night for room and breakfast.

New Zealand

I AM PLANNING *a trip to New Zealand this Fall. There are two things I would like to have some brief information about—the weather and tipping customs. Can you help?—S. R., Vancouver.*

New Zealand has no distinctive seasons without rain; in fact, it is upon its abundant rainfall that it depends for its prosperity. It is a green, fertile land, but the visitor should know that rain can be expected at any time. Take with you strong walking shoes for sightseeing trips, a raincoat and sports clothing. It is not customary to "dress" for dinner, but the usual practice is to change to something more formal than out-door clothing for the evening meal.

Tipping is not as common in New Zealand as in Canada. Visitors are not expected to tip as frequently or as lavishly as they do in their own country.

Golf and Clambakes

DO YOU KNOW *of a hotel in Maine that has its own golf course and where they have clambakes and activities of that sort? We would like something moderately priced.—H. T., Trenton, Ont.*

The Belgrade Hotel in the Belgrade Lakes area, near Augusta, has a nine-hole golf course on the premises. Lobster shore dinners, clambakes and picnic dinners are a feature of the hotel. Rates range from $24 daily for two, including meals.

How to hold on to happiness...

Your two-year-old exploring the great, strange world shares her delight with everyone. You can't help taking pleasure from her pleasure. And maybe you wistfully wonder if you'll always be such a happy family.

There is no magic way to guarantee that; but one man in your neighborhood can help! He's your Great-West Life representative, who will show you how to get rid of important worries that so easily can mar your happiness. He can help you make certain that your family will have enough to live on if you should be taken from them; that you will have enough income for comfort in your old age; that big hospital bills will never be a hardship.

Have a talk with your Great-West Life representative. He can help *you* hold on to happiness.

Your future is our business to-day!

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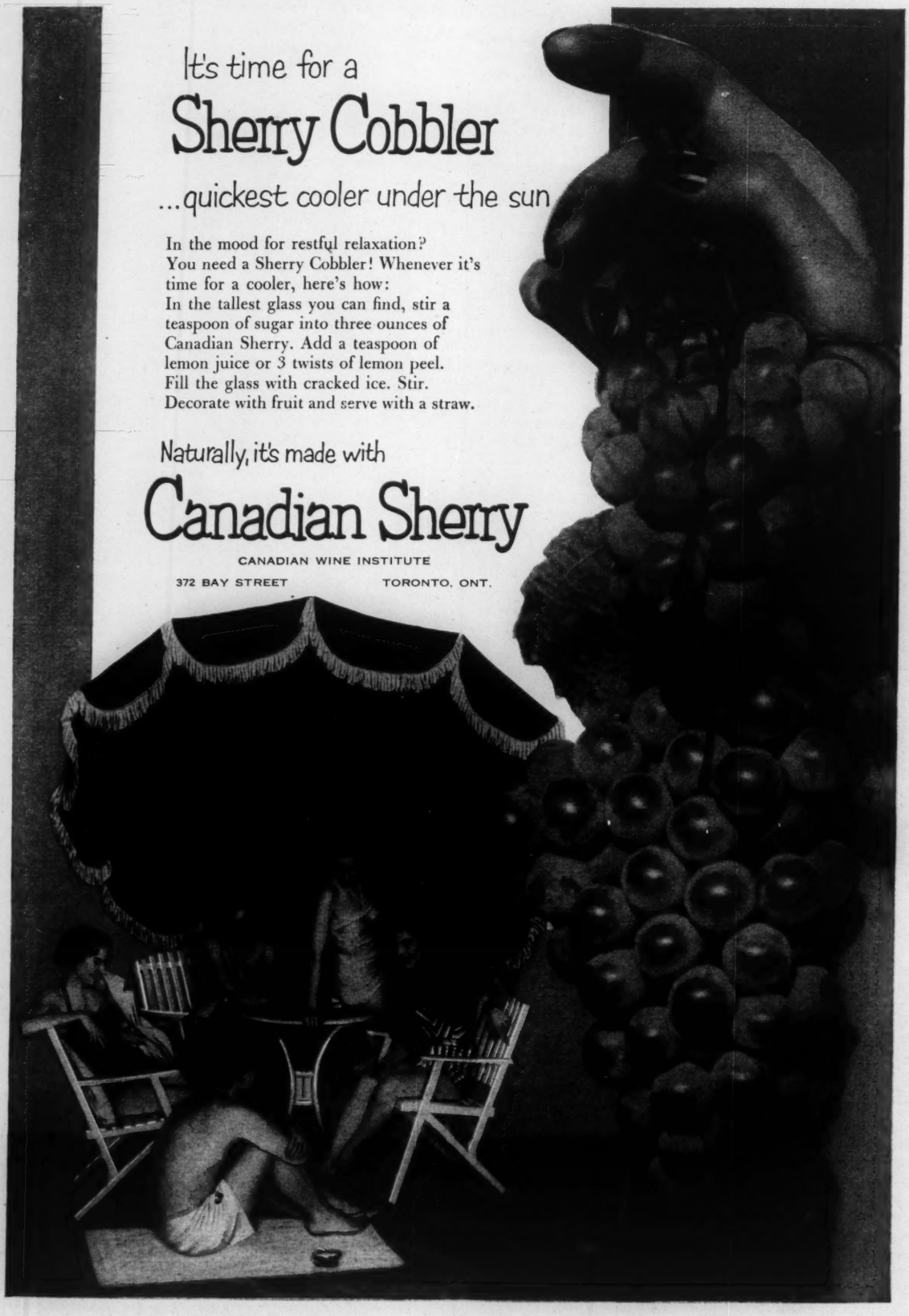
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Sherry Cobbler
...quickest cooler under the sun
In the mood for restful relaxation?
You need a Sherry Cobbler! Whenever it's
time for a cooler, here's how:
In the tallest glass you can find, stir a
teaspoon of sugar into three ounces of
Canadian Sherry. Add a teaspoon of
lemon juice or 3 twists of lemon peel.
Fill the glass with cracked ice. Stir.
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